THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume I | New York, Wednesday, May 6, 1925 | Number 26

CONTENTS

The Hope of the World 697
Week by Week 699
Von Hindenburg 704
Concord Day—April 19, 1925 .....Henry Longan Stuart 705
Butterfly Arras (verse) ....Kenneth Fearing 706
A Pageant of Architecture.....Anna McClure Sholl 707
The Little Lenin of Mexico..William Walsh 709
Moon Sale (verse) ....Mary Carolyn Davies 711
An International Ethic.....Joseph Keating 712
Rain-Wind (verse).....William Berry 714
Saint Peter's of Barclay Street.....Thomas Walsh 715
Bazaar (verse).....James Daly 716
Communications 717
The Play.....R. Dana Skinner 718
Books .....Newton Arvin, Padraic Colum 719
The Quiet Corner..... 721
Index to Volume I..... 721

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

WE lately witnessed the curious spectacle of our daily press congratulating itself on the fact that a survey of its matter proved that it gave to religion 1 percent of its space. In other words, the most important thing in life is dealt with as one subject among one hundred other subjects, that to the press seem more worth recording. We fully realize that daily newspapers would soon cease publication if they reversed the situation, and gave the greater proportion of their space to religious matters. The press of the world must mirror the world, and the events that are recorded are in great part of real human interest, and except for the tawdry reports of divorce suits and sex scandals and crime in all its exciting varieties, in general the chronicling of the news of the day is an indispensable service. If only religion entered more deeply into the philosophies and policies of the press, then its selection of news, and its comments upon it, need be no less interesting than at present, but would be decidedly more helpful and constructive.

The Commonweal is committed to a belief that is the standard by which it selects and comments upon the events of the age. This belief is that many of the really chief events and circumstances of the times we live in—events and circumstances which are profoundly affecting the world—are not to be found among the startling and sensational things blazoned under huge headlines on front pages and dealt with in the editorial pages of our press.

Certainly, one of the main purposes of journalism is to bring the really important events of the world to the attention of readers, in a casual and hasty way, perhaps, yet in a way sufficient to lead those readers on to fuller knowledge and understanding of them. Which events, however, among the myriad daily happenings and circumstances of the times, are really of the most importance and, therefore, should be recorded and commented on, is the great problem—we might say, the central mystery—of journalism. The daily press attempts to solve this problem by recording almost everything that happens—everything, possibly, except the things that matter most. Its huge net sweeps the wide world over, dragging up from the troubled waters of human life an enormous mass of stuff—the news of wars, of revolutions, political struggles, commercial tidings, the convulsions of nature, sports, extraordinary accidents or curious incidents—all passional crimes or follies, and, in short, everything that is sensational. In addition, the daily press carries on its function of being the critic as well as the reporter of the daily drama of life. Each individual paper, by the way in which it selects the news it publishes, no less than by the manner in which it comments

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upon it, impresses its readers with images and ideas reflected or drawn from the events occurring in the world which—more or less, deeply or slightly, yet certainly—affect their thinking and, therefore, their actions. Also, of course, every individual journal has a more or less clearly defined philosophy of life, and a program of social action based upon its philosophy, by which it directs its course.

"Philosophy," said Cardinal Mercier, "is the science of the totality of things." In rough and ready words, it is the attempt men make to build up a consistent scheme or system of the world in which we live, and struggle, hope, desire, succeed or fail, and die—an effort to explain it, and also a sort of chart by which to move amongst its mysteries and its dangers. We all have some sort of philosophy, even those of us who may not even dimly comprehend the meaning of the word. Some of us—and this applies to many of the journals that try to guide us, and impart to us their own philosophy—have nothing but a few confused notions, generally false and misleading. Its own philosophy compels The Commonweal to follow a policy that differs in many vital respects from that of most of the other secular journals. Pursuing that policy in preparing this, the last number of our first volume, we felt that we might appropriately seize the occasion to re-affirm our principles. We sought to give what we had to say on this subject a journalistic point by connecting it with some news to which our philosophy could be applied. Just as we were ready to go to press, we received an announcement written by Reverend James H. Ryan, Ph.D., of the Catholic University of America, of news which far transcended in importance the news with which we were attempting to deal; and yet it was news of such a sort that probably no secular newspaper would even consider it to be news at all. Dr. Ryan writes—

"That Christianity is not a religion merely for Sunday, and that its place is not solely in the church but in the home, in the marketplace, in official life—in a word, in every place where men gather, is fundamental to the Christian belief. No one can deny that the reign of Christ is over a spiritual kingdom, but it is precisely this spiritual kingdom that is fast being destroyed by the inroads of theological modernism and political liberalism. Men must be called back to their allegiance to Christ, and to active membership in His Kingdom. To do this a universal striking manifestation of our belief in His Kingship must be made.

"A Feast celebrated all over the world would undoubtedly do more than anything else to fix our minds on the essentially social outlook of the gospel of Christianity and to obtain a practical expression in our daily lives of belief in the leadership of Christ and in the perpetuity of His Kingdom amongst us. Such a new Feast to honor the Social Reign of Jesus Christ amongst us, and to emphasize those aspects of the Christian life which should stand out prominently in our lives as the subjects of a kingdom of which Christ is the Head, is in the process of discussion and fast approaching the time when in all probability it shall be declared solemnly to the whole world. With the increasing importance being placed on the participation of every man in the affairs of society, due to the spread of democratic ideals and practices, and with the universal acceptance of the truth that a good Christian is the best possible citizen, there should go along a public expression, on the side of the Church, of her belief in this doctrine in the form of some great act of public worship. Every Pope since Leo XIII has insistently placed before Catholics, by letter and speech, their duty of participation in public affairs.

"The Catholic, moreover, has a special duty toward society which the unbeliever does not have. As he is in possession of the truth of Christ, so he must, as a conscientious duty, spread about him this truth. Likewise, he cannot be content while moral evils or economic injustices continue to exist in this world. . .

"That the idea of a Feast in honor of Jesus Christ, the Universal King, is pregnant with great possibilities for the Church and for our individual and national lives, no one can doubt who would take the trouble to try to understand what such a Feast implies. The world was never in more need of Christ and His Truth than it is today. Shaken to its very foundations by the last war, our present social order is in imminent danger of destruction. As in every past century, when some great evil menaced civilization, the Church has found an effective means to avert the impending disaster, so today she is prepared to offer to mankind, if we desire it ardently enough, a refuge from disorder, injustice, greed, and war in the Feast of Jesus Christ, the Universal King of Society. That universal peace may come to the world is the sustaining hope of every right-minded man. It can come, and be made permanent, only if Jesus Christ reigns supreme amongst us. 'The Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ' contains both the truth and the way which alone can save the human race."

This is the great news of today—or perhaps of tomorrow—news which is of more importance than any other item of the immense budget of incidents and circumstances lying before us as we write. It is one more and mighty sign of the times—the great tidings that the Church of Christ is calling upon her children throughout the world to share her mission of redemption, and that those children are responding. Men, and nations, therefore, are not without a guide in the apparently chaotic state of the world. The dust of the destruction of empires and kingdoms, and of the ruin of revolutions, cannot hide the figure of the one safe ruler and leader of men. The crashing of the thunders of war cannot drown the Voice that still is speaking the word of peace.

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THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

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Subscription Rates: Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

UNUSUAL, even extraordinary interest, was attached to the pastoral letter issued this year by Cardinal Hayes as his annual Catholic Charities Appeal. Through the daily press, from all the Catholic pulpits of the vast diocese, and broadcast by radio, the Cardinal's words reached an immense audience. Undoubtedly, the funds he requires will be amply and generously supplied to carry on the splendid work of charity, so capably organized, in addition to being so animated by a fervent and unslacking spirit of service, that it is generally recognized to be a model movement of its kind. Moreover, in addition to accomplishing its specific object, the Cardinal's letter is bound to attract national attention because of its very grave warning of, and rebuke to, the social evil which American civilization must face because of the vast growth of birth control propaganda and practice. Such words as we quote below, coming from such a source, can leave no further doubt, if any existed, as to the stand of the Catholic Church on this matter.

"THERE is a pronounced tendency, at the present hour, to test nearly every human relation, from the cradle to the grave, by a purely economic valuation. It is, of course, the result of materialism, pure and simple. No more reactionary step, in the light of history, could be imagined. In the field of charity, were the economic standard to prevail over the spiritual standard, which has stood the shock of centuries of assault and conflict, then no longer would it be nobler and more blessed to give than to receive. Rather the philosophy of might against right, of selfishness against kindliness, of indulgence against duty, and of sin against virtue would be sanctioned and followed. Christian charity looms up a bigger question than the ministry of relief, health, protective care and education. The ideals and principles which inspire and guarantee the very life of charity, must be defended and rooted more deeply than ever in the hearts of the faithful. Latterly, into the public eye, has been thrust an open propaganda that shocks the moral sense of every true follower of Christ. Christian sentiment against it has found expression in the law of the land forbidding the dissemination of the knowledge of its practices. Yet, the downright perversion of human coöperation with the Creator in the propagation of the human family, is openly advocated and defended. It is not what the God of nature and of grace, in His Divine wisdom, ordained marriage to be; but the lustful indulgence of man and woman is put forth as a primary function and an all determining factor of wedlock. The elementary truths of religion, such as God's commandments and His providence over mankind; the immortality of the soul; the accountability of every man before God; the evil of sin; and the infinite love of Our Heavenly Father—are all ignored and swept aside. The spiritual and supernatural are defied in God's noblest handiwork. By such sin fell empires, states and nations. Religion shudders at the wild orgy of atheism and immorality the situation forebodes."

"MARK you, also, that birth control is heralded as a benediction to the poor, because, forsooth, the poor have too many children and are largely responsible for defectives. Never was there cast upon the humble homes of our people a more offensive insult. Children are welcomed among the poor and the humble, as angels, and are treasured as jewels. Children are often the only source of a sunshine and a happiness, not of this world, at many a family fireside, which knows but little other comfort or joy. Nor are our humble poor, generally speaking, the breeders of defectives. Imbeciles and deformed are as likely to be born of the learned and the affluent. Nature is no respecter of persons or class in such matters. Defectives, moreover, whether physical or mental, have immortal souls, redeemed by the blood of Christ and destined to share with the sound and the whole the vision of God for all eternity. How much more advanced in true social progress would be the advocates of birth control, if, instead of interfering with the fountain of human life, they would seek the ideal of Christian charity, which by realizing, in due course of time, better housing and living conditions, hopes to provide a proper home for every child, and children for every home."

THE election of Marshal von Hindenburg as titular head of the shaky German republic, is the hardest

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blow yet dealt to the jerry-built structure whose foundations were patched together at Versailles, but there is no need to regard the building as quite in ruins. The very diversified nature of the comment with which the news has been received in America and England, is proof how unintelligently and with what ill-founded optimism the whole question of Germany's future had been regarded till now. If the majority piled up for the "old man of the Lakes" clarifies the situation and rouses Europe to a sober realization of the dangers that lie ahead, perhaps more good than harm will have been done. The lack of political wisdom shown by the Versailles diplomats was already apparent. All that can be said now is that it receives a new and startling demonstration.

TRUE foresight on their part, it seems today, would have dictated some attempt to undo the sinister work of Bismarck and von Roon rather than the desperate compromise of turning an empire, royalist by all traditions, into a republic over-night and by force. A restored South Germany, formed out of the states of the old Roman empire, with Austria at its core—a federated Slavonia with Poland as its centre—would have been at least worth trying. It was an era of frank experimentation. Instead, national greeds called for territorial booty, self-determination rather than federation was the watch-word. Hence the magic word "republic" was uttered over a Germany, humiliated and truncated at its extremities, but with its strategic position intact, and with its "velléités" for revenge left only to France's incessant watchfulness to control. Future historians, one fancies, will stand amazed at the moderation of the chief sufferer.

OFFICIAL Europe's attitude to the new Reich, in fact, was disingenuous from the start. The only militant element within the republic which stood ready to oppose, by force of arms if necessary, the restoration of a monarchy, was the one element most distrusted and dreaded by European diplomats. The mere suspicion of any readiness to enter into relations, diplomatic or commercial, with Russia, was always sufficient to alienate sympathy from the extreme left wing in the Reichstag. As a result, the chancelleries found themselves in the false position, where the conservative junkers were concerned, of alternating political reproof with tacit social approval. The most intrinsic and enlightened comment upon the whole intolerable position reaches us from the Des Moines Register:

"THE election of von Hindenburg as president of Germany need occasion no surprise. The whole world, . . . has been going the von Hindenburg way ever since the failure of the Treaty of Paris." Whether the belief, apparently growing among all classes of people, that another great war is only a question of a few years, be anything beyond an access of gloomy fatalism and disillusionment, only time, which can work its own miracles of appeasement, will show. Meantime, the sympathy of all her old allies cannot but go out to France, with the terrible task of being the sentinel of Europe's peace, left upon her hands for a period of time so indefinite that no man can pretend he perceives its term.

AS the great American battle fleet maneuvers in Hawaiïan waters, a picturesque incident connected with the fleet's former passage will no doubt be recalled. Brother Joseph, who is still the staff and support of the leper colony, wrote Roosevelt asking him to have the fleet pass Molokai so that his people might be able to look upon the great spectacle. Early in the morning, before dawn, the battleships came past that dismal tongue of land on which the lepers live, and were seen and cheered by them; they were seen looming out of the dimness by others than the lepers, by the ranchmen and cowboys who, upon the pali 800 feet above the level on which the leper settlement is, reined their horses to watch the great ships.

THERE are still 400 patients there, but Molokai is not now the island of doom that it was in Father Damien's time, as it was when the devoted Brother Joseph came to cast his lot amongst the most unfortunate of the world's men and women. A touch of leprosy does not now mean a death-in-life. For one thing, the discovery of the bacillus and the means of combatting it by the application of Chalmoogra oil, has made possible the recovery of patients—all except those who are in the last fearful stages of leprosy. Physicians now are more hopeful of a patient with leprosy than of certain other patients.

MOLOKAI, the island that is known to the outside world mainly through Stevenson's saddening pages, is now the centre of a rehabilitation movement that the world should take a good deal of interest in. Of excellent land 28,000 acres have been set aside upon the island to form lots for homesteaders who have to be Hawaiïans or to have not less than 50 percent Hawaiïan blood. Under the rehabilitation scheme, the native race will have a chance of collecting its energies and of becoming again a force in the islands. The report of the Hawaiian Homes Commission lays down the following rules—The Hawaiïan must be placed upon the land in order to insure his rehabilitation; alienation of such land must, not only in the immediate future but also for many years to come, be made impossible; accessible water in adequate amounts must be provided for all tracts; and the Hawaiïan must be financially aided until his farming operations are well under way. Molokai is divided by a pali, or precipice, into two levels—on the lower level is the leper colony, and on the upper level is ranch land and the land that is being turned into homesteaders' lots.

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THE fund from which the sums necessary for the financing of the scheme—about a million dollars—is derived from the state lands which were formerly the crown lands. The homesteader is allowed to borrow $3,000—$1,000 towards the building of his house, $1,000 for the purchase of tools and implements, and $1,000 for live-stock. He is paid for his labor in building and clearing, and this payment comes out of the $3,000 loan. The interest on it is 5 percent, and he is given thirty years to repay it. Even now the scheme shows promise of success, and one can find amongst the new homesteaders on Molokai, Hawaiïans and part-Hawaiïans from Honolulu—men who have been street-car conductors, ukelele manufacturers and the like. Very likely the community will become coöperative for agricultural production and the long enshadowed Molokai may become the agricultural part of the Hawaiian group. If the language of the settlers remains Hawaiïan, it may become a centre for a national revival similar to the national revivals in European countries—a Polynesian revival is now due, as in several of the Pacific islands the race has undoubtedly turned the corner.

CHARITY compels us to hope that Mr. Glenn Frank, the editor of that adventuresome magazine, The Century, has suffered a wound in the house of his friends—in this case the house of his fellow-journalists, by being misquoted. Irritating as that accident—or that piece of clumsiness—well may be to a public speaker, we prefer to believe that Mr. Frank in the instance under consideration was the victim of poor reporting rather than to think that he really could have said what the papers attributed to him the morning after his speech at the centenary celebration of the American Unitarian Churches. Mr. Frank, it seems, on that occasion reiterated the statement that he has been making in the pages of his magazine and elsewhere for some time now—namely, his belief that "religious modernism needs a modern Luther." Such a modern Luther, he continued—in a rather bizarre fashion (but again it may be the reporting that makes the passage so weird) "might be an individual or a group, but in either case the task must be 'to formulate the great position of modernism into a series of theses that will knit together the scattered energies of the liberal movement in the church into the passion of a new Reformation.'"

MR. FRANK said the "standpatters" in the church have a faculty for employing "irresistible catchwords, such as fundamentalism. . . It is in the fundamentalist movement," he said, "that the high art of sloganeering is seen at its effective best. The church reactionaries have succeeded in giving the liberals the appearance of being renegades who are sniping at the church from the outside. The modernists have right on their side—but their side is being very badly stage-managed. Religious liberalism will not succeed until it beats the fundamentalists at their own game—the game of catchwords and mob psychology."

IT is this last remark that makes us wonder if Mr. Frank really said it. If he did, can he possibly be a Jesuit—or part of a group of Jesuits—escaped straight out of the pages of Eugene Sue, disguised as a "modernist," but really attempting to smash up the modernist movement by leading it to commit itself to the practice of the horrendous doctrine that the end justifies the means? We had supposed, heretofore, that one of the main tenets of the rather amorphous mixture of moods and sentimentalism known as modernism, was that the individual's reason was the sole instrument for the discerning of religious truth. To hear a leading modernist assert so unequivocally that his cause is hopeless until it can devise "irresistible catchwords," and "put over" its "message" through applying the art of "mob psychology," is pretty confusing. Is the new Luther to be an advertising genius? Or, if a "group Luther" is preferred to an individual, possibly an advertising agency will be given the task of leading the new Reformation.

FROM the earliest middle-ages, the first communal ideal of every good man—whether a ruler, a priest or a laborer—was for a church and a school. These summed up his first requirements in civilization; and from the cathedral schools Europe derived her universities and libraries, her arts and sciences. It was, therefore, with singular appropriateness that the Catholic Church in North America was represented at the laying of the corner-stone of the library of the Catholic University by the three Eminences—the Cardinals of New York, of Chicago, and Philadelphia; that the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, a sincere lover of letters, should bless the new structure in the name of the Church of the learned, the poor and the saintly; that it should be planned in the Byzantine style, symbolizing the ancient erudition of the sacred East, and face across the campus the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception—the symbol of the dogma which is our national patronage and devotion. The oration of the day was delivered by Dr. Peter Guilday, professor of Church history at the University, who paid the tribute due to Mr. John K. Mullen, of Denver, Colorado, through whose benefaction the library is to be erected. It will house 1,000,000 volumes, and measure three stories in height, 200 feet in length, and 150 feet in width. The occasion is one of joy and congratulation to every lover of learning and letters: Mr. Mullen's donation inaugurates a blessing for scholars that will last down the ages to the honor of the founders—the proclamation of the truth and the glory of our religion.

AT a recent meeting at Atlantic City, Dr. John W. Herring, secretary of a committee of good will, ad-

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vanced this proposition: Jews and Gentiles act together in business and in charitable endeavor. They come together in civic bodies. Why not in religion? The answer is obvious: because they are not of the same religion and cannot come together without sacrificing their faith. They can and often do feel alike on business, social, and charitable questions. There is no logical reason why they should not think and feel alike on civic issues. But they do not and cannot think or feel alike on religious subjects, and a pretense of doing so would be hypocritical and mischievous. They can respect each other and tolerate each other's beliefs and such is the tendency of the day. But toleration and charity are quite different things from laxity as to the truth and the faith that is in them.

IT is to be hoped fervently that the advancement of women will not lead them to adopt the grim proposal of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt that feminine attire shall be standardized. The world is gray and drab-colored enough without this farther sacrifice. It is odd that the proposal should be made just at the moment when men show an inclination to lapse back into gayer plumage than the last hundred years have allowed. It may be doubted whether the masculine sex has ever been well satisfied with its standardized garb; whole volumes of abuse of the evening dress coat have been written, and all sorts of special occasions—sport, outing, military life—have been used as an excuse for color and tinsel. However that may be, despite her new rights of civic and economic consequence, woman has always been and still is the decorative half of the race, and to see her reduced to blacks and browns and stiff-formed coats would seem like walking through the woods when the frost has bared the trees, or over the meadow when the scythe has swept away its lush, green carpet. No, no, Mrs. Catt! Let us still have our beauties adorned as much as possible according to the rules of good taste, and let common sense wag its solemn head.

WE have had occasion to remark that American information concerning French affairs trickles in through strange and often startling mediums. One of these has been with us so long that he seems—even in his quiet corner of the New York Times Book Review—an established institution. M. Paul Souday (for the institution referred to could be no one else) is that illuminating critic of whom Mr. Vandérem tells us—"His is essentially a republican heart—republican without any frills, in the manner of fifty years ago when the Second Empire was drawing to a close, and with a tender affection for progress and freedom of thought which borders on being a passion." M. Souday's criticism is distinguished for one thing: he makes of contemporary French literature a bubbling pot, off which to conjure a little steam against his increasingly "clerical" environment. Recently he had occasion to discuss with New York Times readers the awful subject of Paul Bourget. This well-known novelist has become, to M. Souday's undisguised horror, a "kind of Church Father," promulgating doctrines which, says the critic, "have absolutely no influence in our country, and have not the slightest chance of victory in either Parliament or the general elections; but they are fashionable in literary circles, and have no difficulty in finding adherents there."

ONE would have supposed that M. Souday was addressing "literary circles." A stupid supposition, indeed! His subject, guardedly announced later on, is the manifesto of the French hierarchy—a subject well calculated to rouse the ire of a bon vieux. To the environs of this he now returns, two weeks later, with a trifling account of Edouard Estaunié, whose novels won him a seat in the French Academy. M. Souday gives us an illuminating study of the novelist by referring at great length to an early work in which Estaunié criticized Jesuit education—thereby ignoring almost completely the great stories through which the newly-elected Academician became famous. These books, The Call of the Road and The Labyrinth, might, perhaps, be approved by Jesuit educators. Hence M. Souday's careful allusion to them, by title only. Well, when he becomes half as influential as Paul Bourget, or even partially as morally earnest as Edouard Estaunié, he will have increased by some thousand percent his usefulness to American readers.

IT is rather edifying to find oneself considering "the decay of formal religion" a few hours after having paid the penalty of a late arrival at Mass in a big city church by failure to find rest for back or knees among its packed benches. Mr. Aldous Huxley, however, makes it the theme of a suggestive article in a recent number of Vanity Fair, and as all he accuses it of is the resulting spread of "flat novels, boring, competent poems," "insipid performances of Bach" and "dim water colors," it is possible to consider his conclusions from a non-controversial angle. Such productions, he discovers, are the work—(the "release" in contemporary phrase) of people who would once have "blown off steam" in church-going, prayer and attendant good works, and who are artists at all because they have ceased to believe in organized religion and "must have something to satisfy their higher feelings."

MR. Huxley's is, of course, your aesthete's view of religion as the handmaid of art, the false and mawkish argument that always results when first things are viewed out of their proper perspective. Religion and good works are no assurance against the output of "flat" novels or bad pictures, and it is to be hoped the conviction they are will never take hold of our fervent aesthetes. It is not possible to contemplate with equanimity the accession of a host of neophytes eager

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to put the inherited beauty of the Church to their own uses and to take its dogma and discipline on an empiric and tentative basis. The Church has had such catechumens but has seldom held them for long or found great profit in their support. What religion can do for the artists can only be effected in a roundabout fashion, and through a medium of good will that takes small account of personal motives for believing, however aesthetically sound. But at least it can teach him charity, bid him know that it were better a millstone were tied around his neck than that any little one should be scandalized through him. It can teach him humility and free his work from what is perhaps its outstanding reproach today, an over-weening and top-lofty assertion that his neologisms and postures, his "private ways of delivering his aesthetic fact" are an infinitesimal affair in comparison with that "contrite and humble heart" which is the day-spring of true nobility of mind.

ABOUT as fine a plea for religious supervision of college students as has ever been made, is implied in a recent address by Dr. Frankwood Williams, mental hygienist. "The boy with a broken leg is not neglected," said the Doctor. "Every possible skilled attention is given him, for the university can see that the broken leg is no reflection on the boy's intellect—the intellect will still be worth training after the bones are knit. But the boy who is wrestling with a crisis in his emotions is left to struggle alone." He certainly is, in every place where nobody realizes that the boy, even though he lives in the twentieth century, has a soul. Those educators who have retained some practical belief in the human spirit know quite a bit about "emotional crises" and how to wrestle with them. In fact, the data they have gathered during the centuries might assist Dr. Williams in his arduous labors. Perhaps a visit to a little, but very fine, Presbyterian college easily accessible in western Ohio, or to some Catholic institution where a good spiritual director gets up early in the morning, might show that all the world's "psychiatric" information is not either in archives or in Mr. Freud. College boys and girls cannot be entrusted to chance any more than they ought to become the prey of experimental science. In spite of the benefits of education, we still need a few citizens who come to manhood and womanhood sanely fitted for their places in a world that has battled with emotional complexes ever since Adam and Eve.

WE doubt if there is a society which undertakes the work of Americanization in so excellent a spirit as that which distinguishes the old and very energetic Central-Society, of St. Louis. This organization believes that good citizens are created not by a magic formula but by making the conditions under which they live here just as advantageous and attractive as those under which they were born in foreign lands. It does not frown either on its own official German tongue nor on the speech of the Mexicans or the Italians who frequently receive its aid. It venerates a single old-fashioned caption—"religious service." By means of monthly periodicals and other publications, a settlement for working mothers, an earnest social spokesmanship, and well-organized study clubs, it aims to influence American life by proclaiming principles of social justice and tolerance. Its practical work in the field, among the poor and the neglected, is a fine sacrificial thing. But what we like about the Central-Society more than anything else is its honesty.

VON HINDENBURG

THE election of an aged Field-Marshal and popular military idol to the Presidency of Germany ought to have astonished no one in touch with recent European affairs. A majority of the German people outspokenly expressed a preference for order in the conduct of national government, and for the unification of patriotic sentiment concerning relations with other powers. Similar preferences have been shown in almost every other country on the continent: Italy has her Fascisti, France her Action Francaise, Spain her dictatorship. After all, like it or not, we must see that for any European people of today the great political question is not a form of government, but government at all. Von Hindenburg's name seemed to guarantee that for Germany; let us hope that the trust will not prove illusory. Meanwhile there is little reason for supposing that the United States has anything to fear from the new order, or for dreaming that the return of monarchs will line the Siegesallee with uniforms and goose-stepping hussars. In the first place, the power of the German President is narrowly circumscribed; in the second place, an old soldier—after all, a very honorable old soldier—has taken the oath of loyalty to the republic.

What interests us most in this election is the problem of the Centre party. As everyone knows, Dr. Marx came before the electorate not only as a gifted and magnetic individual whose political services had earned wide respect, but also as the spokesman of a party which, since 1866, has solidly represented German Catholic opinion. Unfortunately, being a "centre" party has serious disadvantages, especially when the break-up of an ancient political system has resulted in the organization of very many shades of political and social feeling. The year 1918 found the Centrist leaders dubious. They rallied about a principle which Dr. Hess summarized as follows—"We look to the Right for our confession, and to the Left for our political program." The party's great men—Erzberger, for instance—took the stand that post-war Germany could endure only by accepting the republic as permanent, and by following out a policy of conciliation with other peoples on the basis of the

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Versailles Treaty. It was for this same stand that Dr. Marx made a dignified and enthusiastic campaign.

Perhaps the chief reason why he failed is this—the Centre party was involved by circumstances in difficulties which materially lessened its influence. Marx became the candidate of the Weimar coalition, which meant that he and his party had joined hands with the Majority Socialists. These Socialists alone could elect him. To conciliate them, Marx formed the Prussian ministry to include Braun, a Socialist politician so odious to several Centrist leaders that they openly refused to agree to his appointment. Indeed, the party seemed headed for the Left, and to be making something like a concession of fundamental principle. How could the Catholics join hands honestly with a group which fights for a world-order hostile to a Christian conception of society? How could they be "Centre" and "Left" at the same time? No satisfactory answer was made to these questions. Marx's supporters might well declare that they had tried first to form a coalition with the Right parties, failing because of conservative intransigeance and the unattractiveness of Dr. Simons, the proposed candidate. They did say, also, that Catholics had less to fear from Socialism than from the stupid hostility of groups like the monarchistic Evangelical Bund, which since the war have attributed Germany's collapse to alleged Catholic "internationalism" and the "Jesuits"—bugbears raised during the Kulturkampf and not dead since. Outbursts of religious prejudice have been so frequent in the disturbed Germany of our time that freedom of conscience may have to be struggled for again.

But the upshot of Marx's nomination by the Weimar coalition was that he became the Socialist candidate. It is interesting to see how early election figures comment on this fact. First, there were serious defections from the ranks of possible Centrists in Bavaria and the Rhine provinces—defections which may be explained by the favor with which the restoration of the monarchy is looked upon in South Germany, but which are more likely attributable to anti-Socialist feeling. Second, a falling-off of the Socialist vote in Saxony and elsewhere must be ascribed to the fact that Socialist loyalty to Marx was purely opportunistic, and that a Catholic candidate was unwelcome. In general then, it is safe to say that the Weimar coalition was a bungled attempt to unite political groups which are fundamentally irreconcilable and which did not, in reality, cohere.

Well, the first popular election for a German President has taught everybody a lesson. It has revealed a very much unsettled Teutonic psychology. Shall there be a republic or a monarchy? Shall a dictatorship of the proletariat or a dominant economic conservatism prevail? Can long-standing differences of creed and class be buried, or must they all flare up anew? Will the Dawes Plan be followed out? What shall be the attitude of the individual German states to the central government? The election shows us clearly that Germany as a whole does not know how to answer these questions. Recent events have proved so disheartening that clamorous factions have appeared where once there was civic peace. All this turmoil, the Centre party must reckon with earnestly, if it wishes to maintain the position which has hitherto been its fortune. One feels certain that it will hesitate a long time before attempting another alliance with Socialism. And, of course, any affiliation with ultra conservative groups would be quite as fruitless and undesirable.

Indeed, so vital is the question of what shall be the Centre party's program during the next few years, that many able men are contending for a complete new statement of principle. They feel that ever since 1918, the party has been dogging the heels of other groups, and has lost sight of the great issue on behalf of which it was originally formed. Just before the close of 1924, a highly important meeting was held in Hanover for the purpose of organizing the "Reichs und Heimatbund Deutscher Katholiken." This society, which is non-political, has for its object the restoration of the patriotic goal towards which the famous Catholic leaders of years gone by tried to walk steadily. We may term this "organic federalism"—which means that the political object of Germany should be not a unified "state power" in the Bismarckian sense, but an orderly grouping of the German people into a federation that will concede the individuality and self-sufficiency of each small state, and so throw off the blighting hegemony of Prussia. It is pointed out by the promoters of the society that "organic federalism" is not only the traditional doctrine of Catholic statesmanship in Germany, but also that it remains essential to the proper upbuilding of the country as it now faces the future.

At present the Centre party has not declared in favor of the new movement. The time has not been ripe; great ambitions have seemed on the verge of realization; there has been much groping for light. But several of the most influential organs of Catholic opinion in Germany and Austria have sponsored it, and certainly the voices of the dead, speaking in addresses and books preserved from the past, are strongly in its favor. We ourselves may hope that one abiding result of the election just completed will be a concentration of the energies and aspirations of the great Centre party upon some program that will unify and arouse its members. If this program could be "organic federalism," it would invite the support of numerous citizens of Germany who have no immediate desire for affiliating themselves with a Catholic group. It would also cause the rest of the world to feel that the Centre party was sponsoring an ideal which, more than anything else, could dissipate the danger of recrudescent militarism in Germany and so restore a general sense of political security throughout Europe.

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CONCORD DAY—APRIL 19, 1925

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

LOCAL traditions are very precious national possessions. Their function is to keep history flexible and to save it from the ankylosis which overtakes it when it has been re-written and apotheosized out of the power of the man of the people to feel it any longer his own heritage. All life is a conspiracy against memory, and the facts which survive submersions and subversions are not always those best calculated to restore the first fine rapture of national deliverance or assertion. America, it is to be feared, has been peculiarly a sinner in this dessication or defacement of historical figures and episodes. A histrionic Washington, crossing the icy Delaware in an heroic but unseaworthy posture, a Lincoln striking the fetters off the slave with a conscious gesture of manumittance—these are the familiar but rigid figures into which the icy breath of text-books and naturalization manuals have frozen a warm-blooded Virginian squire, and a home-spun Kentucky attorney. As for less outstanding, but no less vital, figures—the tendency for many years had been to allot them their niche in a sort of anonymous Valhalla, remembered only by some trenchant phrase engraved in letters of gold on each pedestal. The remarkable growth of late of an American historical consciousness, and the attention paid to obscure contemporary records ignored until today, foreshadow what the task of the American historian is likely to be in the near future. It will be for him to thaw out these benumbed objects of the nation's veneration, and, Pygmalion-like, to give blood and muscles to men whom a former generation was satisfied to venerate in marble.

Pageants and centenaries can be made to play an important part in this revivification of history. The recent Junipero Serra commemorations in California, had, it is true, the advantages of perfect climate conditions and the color borrowed from a Latin race whose contribution to the American culture is only now becoming justly recognized. Nevertheless they were a revelation of the readiness of citizens of Anglo-Saxon stock, hitherto regarded as self-conscious bodies upon whom any sort of "fancy-dress" sat awkwardly, to enter into the spirit of a "costume" celebration. The sesqui-centennial "exercises" at Concord last week, which commemorated the passing of a century and a half since a shot fired on Old North Bridge woke the echoes of a world, suffered from inclement skies and a sudden return of winter, while their reconstitutions of the quaint dress of 1775 tended to disappear in a sea of marching khaki. But, from the point of view of historical significance, and that indefinable element of the heroic which stirs the most sluggish blood, it is hard to imagine anything more effective since the victory "defilés" in the year following the great war. There were stretches of the three-mile parade down Maine Street, past the staid colonial houses with their lawns and elms, when the route seemed to break into a mist of massed Stars and Stripes, and when the air throbbed with drums as though the pulse of the nation chose this one day to beat in the quiet village where its life began. There was one dramatic moment, while the marshaled parade was awaiting, in silence, the pre-arranged signal to start, when a sudden fusillade from the direction of the historic bridge that sent pigeons fluttering out of steeples and over roofs, seemed to send hands on the clock-face of time spinning backward 150 years, so that one stood actually in presence of the crisis and on the blood-stained threshold of the nation's existence.

In fact, the more one considers Concord, the more one is struck by the exquisite fitness with which history can sometimes arrange its effects. The primal clash might so easily have had as its stage some spot whereon soaring buildings and the thunder of cars would make it difficult for the most vivid imagination to picture its heroes "in their habit as they lived." In choosing Concord, or in letting General Gage choose Concord, as the spot on which the determination of the colonists to resist to blood would be tested out, the muse of history did America a good turn. It ensured her, for many years to come, a shrine for national pilgrimage, where the intrusions of the present would do little save cast their shadow, and which far from having future desecration to fear, was to be consecrated anew by a band of the most spiritually-minded and humane men and women of letters that any country, old or new, can boast. Nowhere more than in Concord, not even in the old world, is the sense of the past more actual and present. One may follow, step by step, over tree-roots and through last autumn's fallen leaves, the path taken by British "flanking companies" on that fateful April morning. One may cross, on actual business of eating and lodging, the doorstep on which fiery Major Pitcairn stamped and swore, while his redcoats lounged about the arm-piles on the common outside. The very window-panes of the Old Manse, which rattled to the discharge of blank musketry last week, rattled to a deadlier volley fifteen decades back. And one may still muse, any April morning, on "the bridge in Concord town," with nothing to break one's reverie more discordant than the same "bleating of the flock, and the twitter of birds among the trees," and "the breath of the morning breeze, blowing over the meadows brown."

Wandering over the old battle-ground, under secular firs and elms, sitting on ancient stone walls that hem

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in fallow fields where no plow has run for a generation, one speculates what manner of men and women those were who woke in the dark, on April 19, 1775, to the sound of guns and bells, and knew that their hearts were to be made the touch-stone of national determination to do or die, within a few hours. One conceives them as lacking the modern reverence for government as something sacrosanct, to be obeyed no matter what human rights it infringes or sets at nought. Had this been so, it is conceivable some United Anglo-Saxon empire might last week have been decorating the spot where once the embattled farmers laid down their arms at the summons of unchallengeable law and order. Luckily for America and for the world, some instinct—real respect for the age-old racial tradition of freemen, told the levies grouped in rough order on Punkatasset Hill that the balance of equity had shifted violently, and that the scarlet column coming down the Lexington Road in ordered march to rip open their mattresses for arms and strew flour and feathers over their village street, was the long arm, not of order, but of violence and injustice. Combatants and non-combatants alike, there is a sober quality in their courage that is strangely impressive. Force has never been met with such well-proportioned dignity and resistance as by these quiet townsfolk and their women. There was something in it that disarmed, baffled and made fierceness not only unavailing but ridiculous. "The enemy," William Emerson tells us, "by their marches and counter-marches, discovered great fickleness and inconstancy, sometimes retreating, sometimes advancing, to their former posts." No braver men exist in the world than British soldiers, yet, as we read the record of what went on in the village, while the militia and minute-men were mustering on the high ground north and east of the river, we cease to wonder at the strange hesitation and bewilderment that lay upon Pitcairn's command and at the inexplicable retreat of a thousand unshaken infantry leaving two dead men upon the contested ground. Concord is outside the common category of victories or defeats. There is Deacon Thomas Barrett, threatened with death for protesting against military violence, who replies—"You need not take that trouble. I am an old man and will soon die of myself." There is his daughter-in-law, who waves aside the guineas tendered her by British officers for entertainment—"We are commanded to feed our enemies." Among the fighters there is Captain Miles, who marched to the battlefield "with the same seriousness and acknowledgment of God which he felt always on going to church;" Major Abijah Pierce, of Lincoln, who arrived to take command "with only a walking-cane, and had to wait to obtain a gun by capture from the enemy." There is a deliberation in beginning hostilities and a determination in pursuing them, once begun, that often marks enterprises predestined to success. At one end of the scale, Colonel Eleazar Brooks—"It will not do for us to begin the war." At the other, Deacon Josiah Haynes, who pursues the enemy as far as Lexington and falls under their bullets, a rifleman of eighty, perhaps the oldest soldier against whose name has ever been written the enviable record—killed in action. The hundredth anniversary of Concord fight, when President Grant was guest of honor, found America still sore from the wounds of a great internecine war. The hundred and fiftieth follows a still greater conflict, during which her sons, for the first time in history fought upon European soil, and from which she alone has emerged with prosperity unimpaired and moral force intact. Critics of her foreign policy whose point of view may be indicated by the generic label "liberal," sometimes hint that her new status as unofficial arbiter of Europe, where no people or party affects to underrate the moral value of her approval, is accompanied by a new coldness of heart, a new suspension of the sympathy that was once extended unstintedly if platonically, to any race or nation rightly struggling to be free.

Such a pageant as that which has just celebrated Concord and Lexington is no bad answer to the charge that national ardor for liberty at home or abroad has cooled. But if it commemorates the end of an old order, it commemorates the instant substitution of a new without any interregnum of violence. This sobriety did not come from disillusionment or chastening. It was present on that morning, heralded by guns, bells and ridings to horse, when only their own native integrity was at hand to tell the Middlesex farmers that rebellion had ceased to be crime and bloodshed was no longer murder.

Butterfly Arras

A butterfly whose wings
  Are sparks of the white foam,
Is a vessel that brings
  Poetry to Rome.

While sails of the pure gold
  In a winking dance,
Will have casks in the hold,
  Bearing wines to France.

It would take nine years to log
  The scarlet boats that go
Away with wisps of fog,
  Returning a flake of snow.

But there are stranger ships
  Than all of these together,
Riding in the slips
  Of drowsy autumn weather.

Best not to think long
  Of those that clip the night
With hulls of utter song,
  And sails all of light.

KENNETH FEARING.

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A PAGEANT OF ARCHITECTURE

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

THE recent Exposition of Architecture and Allied Arts, was the most important of the kind ever held in New York. This is true not only because it covered extremes of architectural manifestation from the cathedral to the stadium; and includes all housing adjuncts from metal-stripping to asbestos tiles—but for the more important reason that it bears unmistakable witness to certain tendencies of American architecture and therefore of American national life.

These tendencies divide themselves into three main streams—the development of the business building, usually in the form of that peculiarly American contribution to architectural history, the sky-scraper—the development of the small house, especially under the influence of group-consciousness, and in relation to the Community Centre—and third and most important, the very marked tendency of the sectarian denominations to adopt the ancient Catholic forms of church architecture, and to house themselves in Gothic edifices in contra-distinction to what Ralph Adams Cram terms "the meeting-house" style of building.

In Mr. Cram's remarkable group of essays and articles published under the general title of The Gothic Quest, and writing of the Building of Churches, he says—"I am inclined to hold that a congregational church ought to be expressed in that Georgian style which is its particular property, and which has such great chances of development, while I cannot help feeling that it is, in a way, inconsistent for the Methodists and Baptists and Presbyterians, to condemn Catholic theology and the mediaeval Church, and then quietly assume the architectural forms that express in every line and shadow the very things they detest."

Perhaps this tendency so clearly indicated at this exposition is justified in so far as it expresses a weakening of the old hard-and-fast Protestant tradition; and a willingness to come under the spell of Gothic, if not of all that Gothic stands for! The architectural designs on exhibition bear remarkable evidence that denominations as far apart as the Methodist and the Scottish Rite are turning back to vaulted arch, to shadowy aisles and clerestories, to reredos, to altars, choirs and sanctuaries. The beautiful Study for Chancel, of the First Methodist Episcopal church, Gary, Indiana, with its reredos and altar, is a startling departure when one considers that at the beginning of the twentieth century the accepted type of a Methodist church-building was the sloping auditorium with the curving rows of seats—the whole centered about a lectern platform.

The Scottish Rite church at Peoria is in the Gothic tradition; and the Hyde Park Presbyterian church at Chicago is represented at the Exposition by a photograph of its south aisle which might do credit to a cathedral for shadowy beauty. The Gothic of the Hyde Park Methodist Episcopal church is creditable and reminiscent of the ages of the undivided church. In full current of the Gothic revival is the chancel of the First Presbyterian church of New York City, designed by Grosvenor Atterbury, with a stately reredos on the panelings, or embrasures on which are painted the figures of saints adoring the Savior—the chancel steps leading to a graceful choir screen.

Designs for churches in the colonial or Georgian style, are in the minority in this exposition—so far in the minority that they are conspicuous by their absence. The Scottish Rite church at St. Louis is in the Greek temple or classical mode, but the general trend is not only towards a renaissance of Gothic, but such accompaniments to old-world cathedrals are added as the buildings of the close—in these instances serving for parish or guild houses.

The Catholic Church, if she cannot be served, certainly cannot be hindered, or her influence weakened by the adoption throughout the United States of various styles of the Gothic architecture, of which through five supreme centuries she was the inspirer, the builder and the sanctifier. All that the "reformers" threw away of visible symbols seems now drifting back on the tides of time to those people, who as yet turn from the truths behind the symbols; who demand their Gothic "sanctuaries"—even though the Living Presence is still absent from them. But stones are mysterious things when placed in certain forms; and the eye drawn by a soaring arch to the supernatural plane, may there demand still clearer vision.

These Gothic tendencies are further shown, though not in abundance, by certain religious designs for mural decoration, by John Gregory's altar-tomb, and by the stained-glass, and other accessories of church building. Notable among the mural decorations is the Adoration of the Peasants—a triplych executed by Frank A. Schwarz, of the American Academy at Rome. Mr. Schwarz spent nine months in the mountains near Abruzzi to paint the peasant types; and the work executed in tempera "is considered an unusually fine rendition of early fourteenth-century influence."

But while the denominations are well represented in the designs for churches and their ornamentation at this exposition, the Catholic Church itself is rather sparsely represented, although the few designs shown are of very great beauty; and most significant as marking the turn of the tide from certain ugly, architecturally debased styles of Catholic churches erected in the latter half of the nineteenth century; and a strong

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trend to the purity and beauty of unmarred early Gothic and Romanesque forms of ecclesiastical expression. Most beautiful are the altar and baldachin of Trinity College chapel, at Washington, D. C., by Maginnis and Walsh; and by the same firm the very striking design of the altar and baldachin of the Memorial chapel of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Massachusetts. The chapel of Our Lady of Victory, in the College of Saint Catherine, St. Paul, Minnesota, by H. A. Sullwold, is as beautiful as it is devotional.

Mr. Cram, in his recently re-published Church Building, hails with joy this return of the Catholic Church to her vast heritage of beauty; and although her representation at the exposition is not large, yet in quality she is more than abreast of the denominations.

The United States has originated one style of building which is entirely consonant with her genius—the much-lauded, the much-hated sky-scraper, which only within the last ten or fifteen years began to turn from the type of a huge utilitarian box of an office-honeycomb into such a marvel of soaring grace as the Woolworth Building. The last five years especially have witnessed the breaking up of the cube—under the influence of the zoning laws—into magnificent interrelated masses of which brilliant examples are the Hecksher Building and the Shelton Hotel, and the development of Park Avenue, where for the first time in New York's building history it is possible to trace a coördinated pattern on titanic lines; and to see the birth of a new architecture of bulk; differing from that of the Roman empire in that it glorifies not the state but the people—their homes and their office buildings. This architecture of bulk is reminiscent indeed of the pyramids, and the vast works of Egypt without their focal point of spiritual understanding. This the American still lacks, as most of the designs for public buildings at the exposition bear witness, though many of them are of great beauty even in their ostentation. Pride of wealth and soaring material ambition are as yet their story; but Louis Lott achieves much graceful and imaginative charm of proportion in his competitive drawing for the Tribune Building in Chicago; and it is not altogether out of the books that "the religion of the dollar," as it becomes less sure of itself may supply its missing idealism by a kind of financial Gothic—aspiration in stone and a prayer for deliverance in light and soaring stories, beautiful as well as useful.

The exposition is full of the high pride of these developments but gradually settles—on the fourth floor—to a delightful showing of the small-house and community movement, with all that these imply of a return to pretty suburbs, lovely gardens, parks for pageants and all the happy understandable things within the reach of the average American.

All kinds of suburban and rural developments are shown at the exposition from the fine display of Coral Gables, Florida, to the well-settled beauties of Garden City and the picturesques of Sheldon Close, village of Mariemont, Ohio; and if these designs and models in miniature—veritable "baby-houses" to delight the hearts of children—are any indication of the general trend of affairs, then Main Street and Gopher Prairie will soon be quaint memories of the past. The most striking element in the small-house exhibition is the evidence of growing group-consciousness in the United States. Not so many years ago each American built his house as fond fancy dictated, and if he thought of his neighbor at all, it was frequently with a lurking wish to have one porch more than Jones, or colored glass in the inevitable staircase window.

This spirit of rivalry—which led to models for Gopher Prairie and other abominations—seems to be changing into a real community feeling under the influence of which houses and even churches are grouped according to well-thought-out and sometimes beautiful designs; the gardens more or less inter-related, the houses given a note of originality not so much by divergent architecture as by their orientation; or their position in regard to neighboring buildings. Perhaps the new mode of viewing towns and cities and suburban development from the air is aiding this group-consciousness by the ability of men to see a whole section of landscape spread out beneath them very much as if it were a patch-work quilt. This much is sure at least—isolation in architecture as in life is no longer possible, and certainly the new tendencies are in the right direction. Beauty should be everybody's property, and the village as well as the city should be enjoyed by every dweller in it.

The designs for community houses and grounds, for huge stadiums and recreation piers, witness the widespread desire among communities to enjoy or to learn in common. The pageant is having its influence on architecture or at least on the community park, the club-house, the broad, easily viewed tree-lined acres which are the modern substitute for the old-fashioned "village green." Communal tendencies in the best sense have wide representation at the exposition while it is significant that pretentious designs for "palaces" and over-grown houses are in the minority.

Minor buildings are not neglected. We find among other things a lovely design for a boat-house, simple and suitable, and with a reminiscence of Venice in its lines.

The small house is developed mostly in wood, but in the "regional districts" division—a very happy arrangement of architectural designs according to states—the developments of the house in stone are noteworthy—especially those in the region of Philadelphia. Pennsylvania, with her abundant quarries of marble and other stone, was early noted for the substantial and quiet beauty of her old Germantown houses; and those of the type of the various "headquarters" at Valley Forge; and the famous Red Rose Inn. This colonial tradition is being continued, especially along

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"the main line" of the Pennsylvania railroad; alternating with such pleasing examples of English architecture as the Rosemont Close for the Society of the Holy Child, Jesus, at Rosemont, Pennsylvania.

Designs for educational buildings, fraternity houses, lecture halls, stadiums, are exhibited in great abundance; and witness to our perpetually deepening interest in education and athletics. If culture is not "humming" according to the old story, education seems to be; and the interest in athletics is producing some very good buildings—among them, the gymnasium at Fordham University. Notable examples of the adaptation of colonial architecture to the modern college building are the dormitory and library of Delaware College, designed by Day and Klauder.

Nor is the shop or store unrepresented here—and delightfully by designs of intimate charm. For in this region of commercial architecture there is also a new movement—a tendency toward friendliness and privacy and a home-like atmosphere in the shop, reminiscent, indeed, of some of the old book stores in Fleet Street.

Altogether this Exposition of Architecture and Allied Arts is heartening in its promise of beauty. No one visiting it can feel pessimistic or doubtful about the future of architecture in this country, providing the republic keeps—in the main—true to its ideals; for all art—as Ralph Adams Cram writes in his Ministry of Art—"follows from certain spiritual and social conditions, and without these it is a dead twig thrust in the sand, and only a divine miracle can make such bloom, as blossomed the staff of Saint Joseph."

THE LITTLE LENIN OF MEXICO

By WILLIAM WALSH

HOW dangerously near the United States came to a war with Mexico in 1916—a war which might have changed the history of the world by giving an easy victory to Germany—was not fully appreciated until the publication of the Zimmermann note in the year following. Germany's efforts to involve us in a long and costly war at our own back door then became patent to all the world. But it needed no diplomatic revelations to send a shiver of panic up and down the Rio Grande in the month of June, 1916. American business men and others in Mexico abandoned their property, fled for their lives, and filled the hot, dusty atmosphere of the border towns with tale after tale, each more wild and chimerical than the last, of atrocities below the line, of the alleged inefficiency and imbecility of Washington, and of preparations by Mexican generals to invade Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, with the intention of restoring those opulent provinces to the allegiance from which they were weaned so insistently in 1848.

Along the Arizona border, whither my duties as a reporter led me, those Gargantuan yarns seemed to group themselves chiefly around the name and personality of General Plutarcho Elias Calles, military governor of the state of Sonora—the same who is now the President of Mexico. Refugees assured me that he was a small, deformed, avaricious, remorseless villain; a diabolical military despot who thought no more of shooting a dozen men for a misdemeanor than of drowning a litter of kittens; an egomaniac, a fanatic, a superior brigand, a bitter hater of all things American. No dime novel villain could have had a more "ornery" reputation. This terrible Plutarcho (or as he then subscribed himself, P. Elias) was said to have 30,000 soldiers ready to fling into Arizona at a word from Carranza. It was reported that he had a freight-car loaded with dynamite and gunpowder, to speed along the track that ran from the Mexican town of Nogales into the American town of the same name. Under cover of the explosion, the Callistes were to sack the American town, slaying men, women and children. I took these stories with more than a liberal grain of salt—for hysterical refugees are hardly to be relied upon for unprejudiced testimony. But I resolved to lose no opportunity to see this ogre myself. The facts, as I gradually sifted them out through more reliable sources, appeared to be as follows—

Calles, a peon by birth, had been a teacher in Hermosillo College half a dozen years ago; had joined Madero's revolution against old Diaz; had become one of the leaders of the constitutionalist party on the death of Madero; had linked his destiny with that of Carranza, and was one of the first Carranzistas to defy Huerta; had expanded his force of sixty men into an army of 2,000 in two weeks, and had successfully withstood Villa at Agua Prieta when the notorious bandit poured shot and shell into the town for three days—and now, after a series of daring successes, was the lord of the great province of Sonora, the strongest man in the north of Mexico, and even a possible rival of Obregon as successor to Carranza. In June, 1916, while his chief was exchanging notes with President Wilson, he assembled a force of 15,000 men south of the Arizona border, seized the Southern Pacific railway of Mexico from Nogales to Guaymas, and while the foreign capitalists took to their heels, gave every outward sign of his willingness to wage war on the United States. Whether he would have done so or not, may never be known, for a presidential order sent thousands of boys from northern and eastern factories and offices hurrying across the continent—ill-trained, ill-equipped, and ill-conditioned as they

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were, to pitch hasty camps amid the scrubby mesquite-trees and crimson poppies on the barren hills overlooking the headquarters of Señor Calles. There was a gradual subsiding of military activity in Sonora; and Wilson wrote another note to Germany.

The national guard and the Callistes had been sitting down looking at each other for more than three weeks before I found an opportunity to interview my man under favorable conditions. He had come to Nogales to hand back the Southern Pacific railway to its manager, with assurances of his distinguished consideration and esteem; and that morning 106 refugees had taken the first train south, not without trepidation, to claim their property. One of them, standing on the railroad station platform, had his pocket picked. He complained to Calles; and the purse being found on the person of one José Gonzales, a loiterer, that unfortunate was sentenced by the general to be shot early the next morning. Only the vociferous prayers of the mother and wife of José, kneeling before Calles, averted the execution of the sentence. José was given the alternative of joining the army for an indefinite period; he accepted with gratitude, and was sent down to Empalme to fight against the Yaquis Indians. Calles was in a good mood that afternoon. Apparently he felt that he had been more than magnanimous both to the Southern Pacific of Mexico and the American copper-miners. And as for José—"I didn't intend to have him shot anyhow," he said, "but these poor devils are so stupid that one has to frighten them to make them behave. Besides, the army needs recruits."

I found him in the comandancia—a one-story adobe building in a sleepy border town. A sentry sat on the window-sill, dangling his legs outside. Another slouched against the door, an old Springfield rifle at his side. As I approached the door he raised the weapon lazily until the point of his bayonet lay against the lapel of my coat. The Callistes wore civilian trousers, often frayed at the bottom, and baggy shirts of various colors. There was nothing in their dress to distinguish them from the civilians loitering on the sidewalk, except the red hatbands which were the proud insignia of the Sonora regiments. On producing my credentials, and a letter from an old friend of Calles, I was allowed to enter.

The dictator was sitting facing me at a small writing table, one arm slung over the back of his chair. Extending a bandaged right hand in silence, he bowed slightly, with grave courtesy, and without rising. Later I noticed that he was of medium height and erect carriage, but sitting there at that moment he seemed to be of insignificant stature. His face, however, gave one an instant impression of great power and audacity. It was not the face of a bandit, not the face of an ordinary man anywhere. He had the well-shaped head of one with good Spanish blood in his veins; piercing black eyes well-set under straight, heavy eyebrows; a firm, straight mouth in which there were signs of potential cruelty, and of a quick but sardonic sense of humor; nose and chin both strong and sensitive—a man of perhaps thirty-eight—intelligent, ambitious, decisive, strong-willed. His friend had told me that he had no personal ambition—that he had been miserable in a sumptuous palace provided for him at Mexico City, until homesickness drove him back to his humble stone dwelling in Hermosillo. The handsome, swarthy face of Calles contradicted this report. Here was a man, I thought, who would never be at heart's ease while he beheld a greater than himself. He was cut from the same pattern as those great leaders of "reform" whose opposition to authority is based upon a desire, conscious or unconscious, to seize it for themselves. He was the little brother of Cæsar, Cromwell, Danton, Napoleon and Lenin—I did not think of Lenin then, of course: I had never heard of him. But I was sufficiently convinced of Calles's ambition and ability to predict in the New England paper that employed me that he would undoubtedly be President of Mexico in a few years, if he did not meet a violent death in the meantime.

We talked of various matters. Calles did not wish to be quoted on anything political. From time to time he extended the bandaged hand to extract a villainous black cigarette from a package labeled "Alfonso XIII." When I ventured to ask how he had come by the injury, he shrugged and said he had had a slight motor accident on the way up from Aguaprieta.

"Now that the recent unpleasantness is over," he said in his quiet, precise tones, "I expect permanent peace between the United States and Mexico. American business interests of a legitimate character, particularly those long-established in Mexico, do not interfere in our politics, and with few exceptions, do not want war. But along the border and in the United States, there are enterprises and individuals who wish war for their own selfish purposes. Oh yes," he said, with a sarcastic smile, "I have seen several cases of unfortunate Americans getting mixed up in our domestic affairs. But I believe that President Wilson's policy toward Mexico is an honorable one."

A curious twinkle came into his dark eyes when I asked him what he thought of the mobilization of our national guard.

"No lo vemos con desconfianza," he chuckled, as much as to say—"What harm could they do anybody?"

But I was interested most at the time in his social program, of which he seemed very proud. He attributed the success of his administration in Sonora to his vigorous insistence on two reforms: education and total prohibition. He boasted that he had established a school in every town in Sonora, and an asylum at Hermosillo to shelter children orphaned by the various revolutions. Ignorance and drunkenness, he said, were the two great curses of the Mexican people. The drinking of mescal—a beverage similar in its effects to some of the inferior brands of bootleg whiskey now

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consumed on a large scale in the United States—was responsible, in his opinion, for most of the disorders along the border. But he had ended all that in Sonora. He had stopped forever the manufacture, importation and sale of all alcoholic drinks, including beer and wines. Not a drop could be bought through the whole province.

This engaged my curiosity. At that time I considered prohibition a curious political side-show staged for the benefit of rural fanatics and reformers in Maine, Kansas and a few other remote provinces. It had not occurred to me, of course, that the American people as a whole would ever submit to such an indignity. So, perhaps with a look of incredulous superiority as a free-born American, I inquired how he had managed to establish prohibition on so large a scale.

He twirled his black mustache a little, and showed his white teeth in a smile of amused assurance. "It was very simple," he said. "I passed a law."

"We have similar laws in Maine and Kansas," I explained, "but it is impossible to enforce them. Maine is full of blind-tigers and bootleggers."

"Ah!" said Calles, raising his eyebrows. "We have nothing of that sort here."

"Do you mean to tell me that you have air-tight prohibition—that your law is really enforced?"

"Perfectamente," he replied, with the utmost gravity.

I begged him to tell me how it was done, that I might advise the folks back home how to allay one of the bugaboos of democracy.

"Quite simple," said the General. "When you pass a law, it is necessary to be firm and energetic at the beginning. When the people see that you mean business, they naturally conform. As soon as the law was announced," he went on casually, "I blew up all the breweries and distilleries with dynamite, or burned them. Then I arrested a few smugglers who were taking contraband liquor across from Arizona near the Cananea Pass."

He reached for another black cigarette.

"I had them all shot the next morning," he added, exhaling a cloud of smoke with evident relish. "After that the law was generally observed. You would have less trouble in your country if you would show a little executive firmness."

I could not resist smiling at the thought of closing the Knickerbocker bar, let alone shooting the bootleggers at sunrise; but at that time I did not realize that the Anti-Saloon League was gradually taking over the reins of legislative reform. Perhaps in time they will borrow another leaf from the Mexican notebook, and we shall read of so many bootleggers executed before breakfast—or such-and-such drug stores dynamited.

When I next heard of Calles, he was the chief apostle of democracy in the cabinet of Obregon; in fact, he was making a strong bid for the support of the young radicals and the large groups of the discontented and the disinherited, by promising them the same sort of freedom that Lenin and Trotzky promised to the poor Ivans of Russia. Like Lenin, too, he is an ardent foe of Christianity—which in Mexico of course means the Catholic Church. It was he who instigated the persecution of Catholics under the administration of Obregon. Now that his authority is supreme, he is attempting to do what Henry VIII did in England—to set up a pseudo-Catholic church as a means of prying the people away from the real one which they love and venerate. Such an attempt has never succeeded among Latin peoples. I seriously doubt the ability of Calles to accomplish it in Mexico. Much mischief, however, he may do—for he is a man who will let no scruples stand between him and any object he considers desirable. He is said to be a warm admirer of Lenin. He ought to be. They are birds of a feather. Lenin was, and Calles is, a man who uses the catch-words of proletarian aspiration as the means to satisfy an enormous lust for power. Calles, like his Russian master, has a hearty contempt for the ordinary man. I can imagine him laughing cynically at some of the young doctrinaire Socialists who are teaching "liberalism" in American colleges. He might even say what Lenin said to Trotzky after he had been interviewed by H. G. Wells—"What a Philistine! What a monstrous little bourgeois!"

Moon Sale

"Moons for sale!
  Cheap tonight!
Gold and silver,
  And milky white!"

Moons are costly,—
  I know, but then,
One can always sell them
  Back again:

Because the sky,
  When it sells a moon,
Knows you and I
  Will tire of it soon.

We'll get back our pennies;
  And buy instead
A roof, a key,
  And a loaf of bread.

The sky doesn't mind.
  It will dust the moon.
And two other lovers
  Will buy it soon.

"Moons for sale!
  Cheap tonight!
Gold and silver,
  And milky white!"

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

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AN INTERNATIONAL ETHIC

By JOSEPH KEATING

(This is the second of a series of articles, of which the first appeared in The Commonweal of April 29, 1925.—The Editors.)

CATHOLIC tradition throws a useful light on the possible source of the wide-spread notion that the state, i. e. man viewed collectively, is in some way exempt from the moral law which binds the individual. Men adduce the admitted impossibility of applying the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, the essence of Christianity, as it stands, to commercial or international intercourse. The man who lent to every borrower, the state which turned the other cheek, the community which took no thought for the morrow—all these would speedily come to ruin. As therefore, Christ cannot be held to command what is detrimental to human welfare—so the argument runs—there must be some sections of human activity to which His teaching does not apply, and which may be ruled by pure self-regard.

The Church does not admit this, and solves the problem by her distinction between counsel and commandment—counsel which is addressed to the individual, inviting him to higher moral perfection, and commandment which is obligatory upon all, singly and collectively. Thus in the Sermon on the Mount there is contained much that all Christians must aim at, especially as regards interior dispositions, mingled with much that even the individual is free to accept or not. This doctrine is denied by the fourteenth of the Thirty-Nine Articles, on Works of Supererogation, which denial has done more to unsettle and perplex consciences than has any other single point of Protestant teaching. Once we realize that the ideal set before the individual, who will not reach his final good until the next world, is not necessarily the same as the ideal set before the state which exists only for this; and that the individual is not obliged under sin to accept what are merely Christ's counsels ("If thou *wilt* be perfect, go sell all thou hast . . .," not "as thou *must* be perfect,") we have given us the key to the proper interpretation of the sublime discourse. The Catholic has the assured guidance of the Church's tradition—the non-Catholic is left in the matter to his own reason and experience. Reason and experience should, of course, be enough to assure him that, whenever grave social or civil inconveniences would follow the strictly literal application of Christ's doctrine to the citizen or the state, that doctrine is not meant to be taken literally or perhaps to be applied in the case at all. The exhortation, "resist not evil," obviously does not make blameworthy the exercise of reasonable self-defense or the protection of others. However, in the absence of a guaranteed interpreter there will always be disputes as to the meaning and range of particular injunctions. And as we have implied, mankind in the bulk is apt to feel that if one point may be disregarded, so may all.

The result is seen in the records of diplomacy. There has been very little regard for the moral law in the international politics of the past. Whether due to the exaggeration of Christian teaching and the consequent reaction or to the absence of any generally-recognized authority to interpret the law and condemn its violation, the spirit of diplomacy has been anything but Christian. Unless we had their own admissions to convince us, we could hardly believe that men, honorable and just in their private dealings, should stoop to flagrant deceit and dishonesty in intercourse with foreign statesmen and even think little of actual crime—such as provoking war, seizing alien territory and conniving at various outrages. There have been, of course, degrees of unscrupulosity amongst diplomatists, but once engaged in the contest even the most upright seem to have become tainted with a certain disregard for truth and rectitude. They have fought the unscrupulous with their own weapons, and the result in European history has been fear, distrust, suspicion, broken pledges, swollen armaments, war, international chaos.

Is this ever to end? It is strange, quite apart from the question of religion, that the practical genius of mankind, which has discovered the advantages of coöperation up to the point of establishing national communities, has stopped short there and not yet evolved some sort of world-federation. Such a combination would have been but a continuation of the same process as created the state, yet it would seem that the natural appreciation of the benefits of law has not been strong enough to surmount the practical obstacles of distance, racial differences and sectional interests. The progress of time has lessened some of these obstacles, such as that of space; but greatly accentuated others, such as commercial and national rivalries which are often thought irreconcilable. And yet, given good-will and a real regard for justice, there can be no genuine clashing of rights between nations. On this point Dr. Jacks, in his recent contribution to Foreign Affairs, referred to in a previous article, though not defining his terms, is less accurate than might be desired. A right, vi verbi, is an absolute, just and exclusive moral claim or power to act or possess. If a nation has a real right in any particular case, it necessarily follows that no other nation has the same right. There may, of course, be joint rights in regard to which the owners form one moral whole. There may also be rights which are not clearly

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defined, or which are not known, or not proved, or not admitted—in regard to which disputes are possible and arbitration is desirable. Force, obviously, can never determine right: all that fighting can settle is that one party is stronger or more skilful or more fortunate than the other; not that it has the juster claim. We cannot, then, expect sovereign states to go in for altruisms, to aim at a moral perfection incompatible with their functions; any more than we expect a trustee to be generous with the goods of which he is guardian. There is no higher morality to be looked for between states than a strict and ready regard for each other's rights.

This should not be difficult, since there cannot be two "rights" in regard to the same object—but it demands a competent court of appeal. For although there can be no conflict of rights about the same matter, rights of the same kind may be of greater or less importance, and some rights are on a different plane altogether. They may concern moral goods such as liberty, or material goods such as land. They may be inalienable like the rights of conscience, or open to forfeiture like the right to property or even life. In the case of the state, sovereign rights are both moral and material—the right of independence and the right of territorial integrity. The moral right is incomparably more important than the other, for a state may lose or abandon territory and yet remain a state, whilst a loss of true autonomy is fatal to its existence. Yet it can voluntarily limit its independence, and frequently does, by contracts with other states. And in no case, which is our point here, is it independent of the moral law: its sovereignty is always conditioned by obligations inherent to it as a community of responsible men. It is, therefore, that law which forms the natural standard of reference when disputes arise between states. Each party is bound to see where justice lies; not to aim at its own immediate self-interest irrespective of right. Arbitration is the only reasonable course amongst reasonable beings. It is a process infinitely less costly and much more likely to secure justice than the process of war; and that even though an ideally-impartial international court cannot be discovered.

It is here that the Catholic may be permitted to see visions and to dream dreams. It is his belief that God's providence intended the Catholic Church to be —in fact, as well as in aim—universal; and uniting all mankind in the bonds of a common creed, worship and discipline, to counteract the separatist tendencies of exaggerated nationalism. Then it would be more clearly seen that the diffusive welfare of the whole is a higher good than the isolated welfare of the parts. But whether, even apart from the great revolt of the sixteenth century, this ideal would have been realized in our times, or whether in fact a common spiritual allegiance to the head of the Church would have been enough to secure international peace, we may well doubt. More than a theoretical acceptance of Catholicism is needed. There are few that are as good as their creed, and the whole energies of the Church are employed in endeavoring to bring the individual to obey, more or less adequately, the moral law. We can only say that in undivided Christendom, the influence of the Church on the whole, made for European peace. The power she wielded was essentially a moral power, dependent for its efficacy on the coöperation of willing believers. She cannot be blamed for the delinquencies of her rebellious children, nor for the slow acceptance, in communities still perverted by the ideals of feudalism, of her doctrine concerning the conditions of just warfare. Christendom, after all, was not meant to be a theocracy after the Jewish model. God made the state independent of the Church in its own sphere. All that the Church could do was to proclaim unceasingly the unchanging moral law—that breaches of God's commandments are more sinful when committed by a nation (because on a larger scale) than when committed by an individual—and to mitigate, as much as she could, by such expedients as the "Truce of God," the horrors and hardships of war.

What can the Church, whose centre is at Rome and whose circumference embraces the earth, do for peace in these changed modern conditions? If the Papacy, even at the height of its power, was unable to prevent war between its spiritual subjects, can it hope to prevail more with peoples—many of whom regard it with suspicion if not with hostility? In itself the ideal arbitrator, set above all national prepossessions and the accredited interpreter of morality, can it ever persuade non-Catholics of its impartiality? Will rival religious bodies, opposed to it on principle, ever consent to see its prestige enhanced by its being chosen as arbiter between nations? Or finally, supposing all these difficulties removed, could the Holy See itself, whose mission and functions are wholly spiritual, consent to take up the rôle which Christ our Lord Himself rejected —of adjudicating in temporal concerns? We think it very unlikely, except, as in the past, on occasion and by special request. But short of this it seems clear that, as the only world-wide organization that exists, and the centre of the spiritual allegiance of some of the citizens of every state, the Holy See has a unique part to play in any effective scheme for international arbitration. It will doubtless take some time before the old anti-papal tradition born of the polemics of the sixteenth century, full-fed on myth and legend in later times, but assuredly supported on no solid grounds in the present day, disappears altogether. Yet the fear of war may ultimately dissipate the fear of Rome. The apprehensions of a restless and tortured world, crushed under a burden of armaments which yet fail to give it security and peace, may cause it to invoke the one moral force that can speak with certainty and authority, and win millions of adherents all over the earth.

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Dr. Jacks does not distinguish between the existence and the efficacy of a world-wide moral code. We have shown that the code is there, requiring only that actual international law should be referred to it, and that the various nations should observe it. He rightly refers the disregard for morality displayed in international relations to the failure of public opinion everywhere to insist upon a right ethical standard. Statesmen, he thinks, will not risk their careers by measures which, even though just, their citizens will repudiate. The first requisite, therefore, for just and friendly international dealings is a public opinion which not only tolerates, but insists, upon fair and equable treatment of alien nationalities as a point of national honor. In other words a moral change is needed before a new era of peace can begin to dawn on a war-shattered world.

The difficulty is clearly envisaged, but we fear that the remedy suggested—"good education"—whereby shall be discovered the moral ideal which shall unite, as assets of humanity, "the whole range of interests covered by science, art, philosophy, religion and, not least, by labor"—is far too vague and visionary. The moral ideal, as we have seen, is already there, in the natural law enforced and emphasized by Christianity: it is not so much by community of interests as by identity of duties that public opinion should be informed and guided. A clear restatement of that natural law as applied to inter-state relations, laying down how the nations *ought* to treat one another—not merely how they have *agreed* to treat one another—is of the first importance.

Since the cataclysm of the great war when so much was done against the old traditions of fair fighting, and since the ensuing peace treaty, vitiated by many moral faults—a new declaration of the law of nations is absolutely necessary. The law of nations, elaborated by Catholic theologians like Suarez and Vittoria, and by the Protestant Grotius, embodies much of the natural law and forms the international ethic of which Principal Jacks is in search. It sets forth what are the right relations between states, and especially what are the conditions, rigid, clear and peremptory, which in the last resort are needed to justify war. Accordingly it much concerns our subject to note that amongst the agenda of the Vatican Council, which was cut short by that typical example of an unjust war, Bismarck's attack on France in 1871, there was proposed the question "how to secure the common peace and concord of all." The need for a fresh authoritative statement, emphasized by the ethical chaos of the last ten years, makes it more than likely that, when in the near future the Council is reopened, the assembled wisdom of the Catholic world will thoroughly discuss what constitutes rightful international relations and then frame decisions for the guidance of the conscience of Christendom. This, we think, will do more to instruct public opinion than a growing realization of a community of interest in art, literature, etc., though that will undoubtedly help.

After all, there are few who really want to be unjust or uncharitable or unforgiving. Reason itself, and an "enlightened self-interest," approve of honest dealing; but national prepossessions are always apt to cloud the judgment. The peoples, whose passions are so easily aroused to demand war, could and should have their reasons trained to see the advantages of peace. Great therefore is the responsibility that lies upon the molders of public opinion—clergy, politicians, the press—who can thus make or mar civilization. But quis custodiet ipsos custodes? How rarely do we find home and foreign policy approved or condemned according as it conforms or not to morality? The Church at least may be trusted to speak out and to assert that international ethic which has always existed, but which, in the disruption of Christendom, has been so largely obscured and forgotten.

Rain-Wind

More than all other earthly things
That men deem passing fair,
I love the smell of the rain-wind
When it blows against my hair—
And makes a moving music
In the grasses everywhere.

The rain, the stinging beat of it
Against my upturned face,
And an old black pipe that's burning
With a fine and friendly grace
To lend a fire to the melody
That's rushing every place.

Walking along in the rain-wind
That strokes with impetuous hands,
And brushes my lips like a lover
Who is gentle and understands—
I am faint with the spirit of beauty
That loosens the life of the lands.

I am alive to the loveliness
In every earthly thing—
The moonlight in a garden,
A skylark on the wing,
And the charm of the voices of children—
All plead with my heart to sing.

I have dreamed in the quiet of starlight,
And run through the lanes of the sky,
I have tasted the fruits of the angels
And puzzled the answerless Why;
And these things I have loved so dearly
I shall love till the day I die.

Yet the gift of the rain is sweeter
Than all these loves, I know—
For the rain, in her elfin laughter,
Has lent me her beauty, and so,
Like a jonquil astir in the springtime,
To my lover, the rain, I go.

WILLIAM BERRY.

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SAINT PETER'S OF BARCLAY STREET

By THOMAS WALSH

A GREAT opportunity lies at the hands of the American painter who will depict the first historical event in the annals of the Catholic Church in New York. In the month of September, 1643, in a little sailboat, there came weighing down the Hudson River the mangled victim of Indian cruelties, Father Isaac Jogues, in the arms of the Dutch Dominie Jan Megapolensis of New Amsterdam. This proof of brotherly love was given, not only on this epoch-marking occasion, but during several other visits that the Jesuit pioneers were called upon to make on their way to and from Europe to their heroic missions among the Hurons, Iroquois and Mohawks. It does not alter the situation to state that the Dutch Dominie of New Amsterdam had in early life relinquished the Catholic faith: in fact, it adds a dramatic quality to the pictorial suggestion made to our mural decorators.

The question of the first Mass celebrated within the precincts of the city of New York is an important one to any Catholic. "The title deed of Catholic New York dates from April, 1524," says Thomas J. Meehan (Catholic Builders of the Nation) the occasion of Giovanni da Verrazano's visit—the first European to touch foot on our Empire State, when he named Sandy Hook the Cape of Saint Mary, and recorded the Hudson on Maiollo's map as the River of Saint Antony. Verrazano's first landing in 1524—some eighty-five years before Hendrik Hudson arrived on his Halve Maen—was somewhere in the neighborhood of Rockaway Beach on Long Island, and here, no doubt, was the first Mass celebrated, as speaking of the Indians, he declares—"They are very easily persuaded, and imitated us with earnestness and fervor in all they saw us do in our act of worship," (according to Dr. Morgan J. Dix of the Protestant Episcopal Trinity Church, New York City.)

One hundred and ten years elapsed before the coming of the Jesuits, Father Jogues, Father F. J. Bressani, Father Joseph A. Poncet and Father Simon Le Moyne; neither Father Jogues, whose thumbs had been bitten off by the Mohawks, nor Father Bressani, who had been deprived of all his fingers except one, could have said the first Masses within the city limits of that time, on account of this disfigurement of their hands. It is not until the arrival of the Catholic English governor, Thomas Dongan, on Manhattan Island, that his chaplain, Father Thomas Harvey, a Jesuit, celebrated on the present site of the Custom House, August 26, 1683 the first known Mass to be offered in New York City. A bronze tablet in the Custom House commemorates this significant event.

The celebration of the Mass continued in New York to be a treasonable act for many years to come. The daring of Governor Dongan and the Jesuits, Fathers Harvey, Gage and Harrison, in establishing their school on the present site of Trinity Church, was rendered fruitless by the change of government in England and the inauguration of a period of persecution of Catholics that lasted until the close of the Revolution. The chaplains on board the French fleet, the Spanish Negroes from the West Indies, the remnant of the Acadians driven into exile from Canada, the wandering Irish, altogether, at the evacuation of the British, were gathered by Father Ferdinand Steinmayer, known as "Father Farmer," into a congregation numbering at the most about two hundred souls.

It is to the undying honor of the Spanish minister, Don Diego de Gardoqui; the Portuguese consul, José Ruiz Silva; the French consul, J. Hector St. John de Crevecoeur; the Spanish consul, Thomas Stoughton, James Steward, Henry Ruffin and Dominick Lynch, that the property owned by the Trinity Corporation on the corner of Barclay and Church Streets was secured for the Catholic Church of Saint Peter, and the corner-stone laid by the Spanish minister on October 5, 1785. The importance of this parish foundation is not merely local: it is a national shrine inasmuch as here, at the greatest of the gateways to the new world, the countless thousands of immigrants from the Catholic north and south of Europe came to offer up their thanks for delivery from the dangers of the winds and seas; and, as free men escaped from the tyrannies of Europe, offered up their first prayers on American soil. The vast body of Catholic Americans, now settled in prosperity throughout our country, may turn their eyes with thanks and recognition to these old walls heavy with memories of ancient heart-breaks, where their ancestors laid off the chains of bondage and became sharers in the glories and blessings of our continent.

The generosity and piety of the old trustees who founded Saint Peter's must ever be noted in our history: the difficulties and even disorders that for a time ensued on the establishment of the American hierarchy were incidental to many internal and external conditions that passed away with the flying years. The first pastor in New York City was Father Charles Whelan, a chaplain of the Regiment de Walsh that had come in the French fleet of De Grasse. He was stationed at Saint Peter's, Barclay Street, from 1784 to 1786, when due to troubles with the trustees he gave place to Reverend Andrew Nugent, an eloquent preacher who led the board of trustees into an attitude irregular and much regretted. He was succeeded by Father William O'Brien, an Irish Dominican educated in Bologna, Italy, pastor from 1787 to 1807, and an

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acclaimed hero during the visitations of the yellow fever plagues of 1795 to 1805. His body lies under Saint Peter's Church. Later on in the succession of pastors we come upon the name of Father Anthony Kohlman, rector from 1808 to 1814, of a parish of about sixteen thousand souls. He retired to Georgetown College in 1817, and was called to the Collegium Romanum in 1824, where he died in 1836. Father Benedict Fenwick, S. J., educated at Georgetown, another pastor, was later in life to become Bishop Fenwick of Boston: on March 14, 1805, Elizabeth Ann Seton—the foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States—was received into the Church of Saint Peter's by Father William O'Brien.

The congregation of Saint Peter's continued to grow: it was made up of elements of old Spanish and Latin-American travelers and traders: descendants of the exiled Acadians and refugee French aristocrats gradually submerged in the great tide of Irish and German immigration that carried thousands to the work of building the Erie Canal and the railroads that were penetrating across the continent. Early among them was the interesting personality of Charlotte Melmuth, the first actress of note to cross from London and Dublin to settle on the shores of Brooklyn, whence she would be rowed across for Sunday Mass by her own West Indian slaves: she taught the rudiments to the future Cardinal McCloskey, and was the friend of the painter Gilbert Stuart and Egbert Benson, who lived in her house in Washington Street where she died in 1823. Her funeral wound its way from Saint Peter's through the heavy woods of the Bowery to the Cemetery of Saint Patrick's on Mulberry Street, where her tomb is still sacred. Madame Malibran, who was brought across the ocean on one of Dominick Lynch's vessels, was married in Saint Peter's Church where she sang at Mass before giving the first performance of opera ever heard in North America—Mozart's Barber of Seville, at the Park Theatre, New York, November 19, 1825.

Another remarkable figure among these parishioners was Cornelius Heeney, who came to New York from Ireland in 1784, and engaged in the fur trade as a partner of the original John Jacob Astor. He died a bachelor at the age of ninety-four, after a life of great benefaction to Saint Peter's, Saint Patrick's, the Catholic cemeteries and orphan asylums, and his tomb is now visible on the garden-side of Saint Peter's Church, Brooklyn, situated on the farmland he bequeathed to the Catholic orphanages of Brooklyn.

The few hundreds of Catholics of these pioneer days are now represented largely in the millions of Catholics spread throughout the continent of North America. It would be hard to trace the direct ancestry of many of the names on the old records of Saint Peter's— and some perhaps have lapsed from the heroic mold of their pioneer forefathers who faced and endured the persecution of Catholics which lasted officially to the close of the Revolution, and was in a way continued by the imposition of harsh oaths, social and political disqualifications, the remnants of which are visible in certain quarters even to this day. The bulk of Catholic achievement and prosperity calls us from the contemplation of these minor wrongs to a devout recognition of the blessings of Heaven, an acknowledgment of the general honesty and fairness of Protestant America, and an ardent commendation for the races and classes that have made our advancement so easy and so distinguished in New York.

For forty-four years the present pastor of Saint Peter's, Monsignor James H. McGean, an eighty-years' representative of the Ninth ward, has watched old Barclay Street change from a residential section to the site of the tallest buildings of the world; trade rages about the old church; the regular parishioners have shrunk to a few thousand, and yet Saint Peter's serves a mighty purpose in the community. It is the resort of the busy man and woman, in search of a moment's retreat with God—Protestants as well as Catholics—for a confessor or an early communion. The residences and big hotels have gone, but the attendance of lawyers, brokers, clerks, and secretaries increases daily. The church is seldom without a throng of these to confound the sceptic and cynic in his criticism of religious weakness and failure in the ranks of the most progressive and practical. Its parish school, founded in 1801, the first free school of its kind, continues to add to the thousands who have graduated to serve the city, the state and the nation in every one of their offices.

This month Saint Peter's will celebrate the one hundred and fortieth anniversary of its foundation. It will be a birthday anniversary for its pastor, Monsignor James H. McGean, as well. Saint Peter's speaks to us today in no uncertain ways of the heroic efforts of our forefathers to merit the liberties that they have won in America; of the patience, forbearance and fidelity with which they have kept sacred their inherited Ark of Faith, which they have placed in our hands with the confidence that we shall carry it on to the coming generations of our country—pure and undefiled—the rule, the duty, the consolation, the glory of the Catholic Church.

Bazaar

Never mind the music.
What does a song more or less matter?
And grace is always an accomplishment.
Even to weep gracefully is much.

There is a booth nearby
Where you may have kerchiefs
Suited to your face and hair,
Suited to your tears.

JAMES DALY.

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COMMUNICATIONS

DO NAMES MATTER?

New York City, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Mr. L. Maynard Gray challenges my article, Roman Catholic, as virtually much ado about nothing, for, he asks—"What do names matter anyway?" Why then should he bother himself whether he call himself an "Anglo-Catholic" or simply an Anglican or an Episcopalian. I surmise *that* to be his religious complexion.

But names do matter, for if names do not matter, nothing matters. Names express ideas, and ideas express things. When the names of things cease to matter, you may just as well scrap human speech and human intercourse. Mr. Gray is lamentably confused; he has mixed the rudder with the bowsprit. Rites are not churches; rites do not make churches, but churches make rites. Neither do they at Rome distinguish Catholics from Catholics, even if they distinguish rite from rite. The Roman test of Catholicity is in substance that of Saint Vincent of lerins.

Mr. Gray's classification of "Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, Syrian Catholics, etc.," should read "Roman Rite, Greek Rite, Syrian Rite, etc." The niaiserie of his catologue is evident in his "Mozarabic Catholics," for the Mozarabic Rite survives only in the Capilla Muzárabe in Toledo Cathedral, and in the Chapel of San Salvador or Talavera in the old Cathedral at Salamanca, and is only used on occasions. It would be a bit bizarre on the strength of an occasional ritual to be an occasional Catholic.

Mr. Gray declares that "there are in the United States Christians of Latin, Slav, Albanian and Syrian ancestry who are Catholics but not Roman." Well, they are neither Catholics nor Roman. "The susceptibilities of these united brethren" have nothing to do with the case.

What about our Catholic susceptibilities—we Catholics, on whom is foisted willy-nilly an appellation we emphatically repudiate?

There is a Roman Church, the mother and mistress of all churches, which inherently possesses primacy and is the guardian of faith and discipline, but that does not make all the Catholic churches throughout the world Roman. Americans are not Washingtonians because Washington is the seat of the government of the United States.

In spite of the Rev. Thomas Burgess in Foreigners and Friends, Catholics who follow the Byzantine Rite and are in communion with Rome are not "Greek Catholics;" they are Catholics who happen to be Greeks, and they are inclusively and exclusively Catholic by the same token and for the same reason that Catholics throughout the world are Catholics—whether in New York, Paris or London, and their local habitat is merely geographical.

CONDE B. PALLEN.

THE CHURCH IN THE MIDDLE AGES

New York City, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In The Commonweal's issue of April 22, there is a letter written by J. C. Harrington, quoting from a speech made by Mr. Wilson on the Catholic Church in the presidential campaign of 1912.

Mr. Wilson, however, in an admirable address on Robert E. Lee, made before the University of North Carolina in 1909, made the same remarks although in a slightly different form.

The quotation is as follows: "Did you ever think how the world managed politically to get through the middle-ages? It got through them without breakdown because it had the Roman Catholic Church to draw upon for native gifts and by no other means that I can see. If you will look at the politics of the middle-ages, you will see that states depended for their guidance upon great ecclesiastics and they depended upon them because the community itself was in strata, was in classes, and the Roman Catholic Church was a great democracy. Any peasant could become a priest and any priest a chancellor. And this reservoir of democratic power and native ability was what brought the middle-ages through their politics. If they had not had a democratic supply of capacity they could not have conducted a sterile aristocratic polity. An aristocratic polity goes to seed. The establishment of a democratic nation means that any man in it may, if he consecrate himself and use himself in the right way, come to be the recognized instrument of a whole nation. It is an incomparably resourceful arrangement, though it is not the best practical organization of a government."

SCHUYLER N. WARREN, JR.

"A YOUNG GIRL'S GRIEF"

Woodhaven, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of April 15, you published a poem translation "from the Erse" by Cathal O'Byrne. The use of the term "Erse" to mean "Irish" is to me entirely inexplicable unless it is that there are certain people who consider that the natural and correct term savours too much of calling a spade a spade. We do not hear the term "Norse" or "Saxon" for the English language, though there are certainly more historical and philological reasons for so doing than for the use of a term of such doubtful origin and significance as "Erse."

The translation of Mr. O'Byrne is from the Irish poem, "Domhnall Og," and he is obviously indebted to the same version that Pearse used. Pearse tells us that "Domhnall Og" was written down from the recitation of Denis Dorgan of Carrignavar, County Cork, and was first printed in Aithriseoir, Part 1, 1900. This version has fifteen stanzas and was given a prose translation by Pearse in which he "tried to preserve something of the march of the original, an attempt which accounts for most of the not very numerous departures from literalness in the rendering." The three last stanzas as done by Pearse will form an interesting comparison with the version of Cathal O'Byrne, who, of course, had the additional difficulty of rhyme to contend with.

"O, little mother, give myself to him
And give all that you have in the world to him,
Go yourself asking alms
And come not west or east to seek me.

My heart is as black as a sloe,
Or as black as coal that would be in a forge,
Or as the sole of a shoe on white halls,
And sure you have wasted my life and health.

You have taken east and you have taken west from me,
You have taken the path before me and the path behind me,
You have taken moon and you have taken sun from me,
And great is my fear that you have taken God from me."

MICHAEL BREATHNACH.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Caesar and Cleopatra

AT LEAST, when Bernard Shaw writes a play about historical characters, he does not resort to the stark and gloomy methods of episode. He nearly did this in Saint Joan. But there was a distinct linking of cause and effect throughout the scenes which lifted the whole from episode to true drama. Everything was relevant to the climax—prepared the way for it, explained it, deepened its significance, strengthened its universal human values. So, too, in selecting Caesar as a human symbol, Shaw has done far more than relate episodes of his sojourn in Alexandria. He has woven his incidents into a strong allegorical tapestry, portraying the drama of a great man's mind. Caesar and Cleopatra is neither an interpretation of history, nor the relation of historical events; it is, rather, the study of a man—the kind of study that reveals not only this particular man but all men who share something of his genius, his material glory and his loneliness of spirit.

The interest in the Theatre Guild's production of this play divided itself in three directions—the play, the production and the new playhouse of the Guild itself. For the moment, it might be advisable to take up the production and the playhouse, leaving a more detailed discussion of the play for a later date. It is enough, in general, to remember that Shaw has penetrated very deeply into the mind of a conqueror and left us a portrait which, if largely imaginary, is none the less vivid, unconventional, intensely interesting and endowed with the vitality of eternal youth and quest.

The Theatre Guild faced a task of unusual difficulty in producing this play. It has nine scenes, and—until Mr. Shaw cabled his consent to its excision—a prologue. Several of them are scenes beset with technical problems, and all of them demand the most careful handling and arrangement to obviate serious confusion of incident and dramatic sequence. It is certainly not a play that acts or directs itself, and is one that would have taxed the limits of the Guild's ingenuity under even routine conditions. But in this case, there was the new theatre to complete simultaneously with the production—the Guild's permanent home, made possible by the strong faith and practical encouragement of its supporters, an auditorium that would be discussed and criticized by no casual standards. The preparations for the playhouse début competed with the production of the play, with an almost disastrous result—so goes the legend—on the first night. For once, however, the later reviewers had the advantage over the first-nighters. I saw the play several nights after the opening and found the production smooth, compact and in every way up to the best Guild standards. Scenically it achieved truly heroic proportions.

One scene in particular, the Sphinx in the desert, while perhaps the simplest of all technically, rises to a summit of spatial grandeur—the utter loneliness, the mystic wind-music of the sands, and the ever-pressing stars. In other scenes, the Guild has accomplished the rarest of all artistic feats, the sense of the gorgeous without vulgarity, a sort of hue and color native to the feeling of the play itself, sinking naturally into place as if the fabrics had been woven, the gold hammered and burnished, and the steel forged in the glow of the Mediterranean sun. Admirable restraint of this sort was a fitting complement to the splendid proportions and mechanical equipment of the new Guild stage. It is all very promising and very hopeful.

In the matter of direction, Philip Moeller seems to have accomplished everything possible within the limits of the human material at his disposal. The handling of the various mobs and large groups is expert, the sense of motion and confusion being sustained with the least waste of actual time or energy. More important still is the general rhythm he has obtained from a curiously unequal cast. Helen Hayes is not at all a match for Lionel Atwill's Caesar. Her turns of mind and of mannerism are in a different scale and a different tempo—both piercingly modern. Her kittenisms—unlike the Guild's settings and costumes—are neither born nor bred of the period. She plays the histrionic ukelele to Mr. Atwill's lyre. Yet in spite of this, Mr. Moeller has managed to bring the two into something like dramatic accord.

The Pothinus of Albert Bruning is a slow, somnolent affair which fairly dies of summer heat beside the crisp and solemn whimsicalities of Henry Travers's Brittanus. On the other hand, the solid Rufio of Edmund Elton and the eternally joyous Apollodorus of Schuyler Ladd set off the Shavian Caesar to pointed advantage. They, too, are part of the age. You have here a mixture of elements which only expert direction can save from discord and halting movement. It is a real tribute to Mr. Moeller's labors under great handicaps that little or no confusion is felt during the performance itself. The consciousness of it arises only in quiet after-thoughts.

Of Mr. Atwill's Caesar, this much is certain: it is an impregnably human characterization. There has been, I believe, some complaint among the critics that at the first performance he did not read his lines with all their full beauty and meaning. If this was true, it must have been due largely to nervousness or to the confusion which probably reigned backstage that evening. For he now gives a rendition of singular clarity and beauty, with a fine and swift change from poetic to whimsical, from quiet dignity to sternness, from preoccupied languor to concentrated energy. And throughout all the moods, he maintains an essential unity and credibility. In the scene with the Sphinx, where he believes himself removed from all human eyes, he becomes, it is true, a different Caesar—an introspective Caesar, naked before himself. But what man is not different when solitary beneath the stars? Of such moments come history and the fate of peoples. Mr. Atwill gives you what Shaw intended—a pageant of the soul from midnight to high noon. And that is indeed great art.

Taps

WHETHER or not you like Taps depends very largely on your ability to remain interested in what was, after all, a social problem of Germany many years before the war. For this play of Beyerlein's, in which Lionel Barrymore plays the lead, is a revival of what must have been, in its day, a carefully-concealed attack on the rigid absurdities of the German army system and its resultant laws of caste. Once you accept its premises and place yourself back mentally some twenty years, the play itself is excellent, at times full of power, and gives good scope to several actors. But it is distinctly a play of specific types and specific conditions and for

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that reason lacking in the universal quality which gives certain plays theatrical permanence.

The daughter of an old German sergeant falls in love with, and yields to, a young German lieutenant. This results in a quarrel between the lieutenant and a corporal who was formerly the girl's fiancé. In the inevitable court martial (of the corporal, of course) the dramatic interest turns on the fateful disillusionment of the father about his daughter and in the last scene on the reasons of caste, which compel the lieutenant to play the cad and refuse to marry her in spite of the fact that his love for her is very real and deep. The conclusion is equally circumscribed. Rather than see her persist in her futile devotion to the lieutenant, the old sergeant shoots his daughter.

Within the narrow circle of cause and effect laid down, the action of the play is intelligible and well-planned. The scene of the court martial, in particular, is strong both in drama and in satire. When the orderly protests against giving the prisoner a glass of water from the officers' table because his instructions state that "there must be five glasses of water on the table of the court," the satirical mood runs swiftly. When the sergeant's daughter insists on telling the truth which the other witnesses have tried to hide, tragedy emerges brutally. It is in this scene that Mr. Barrymore as the sergeant does his best acting—the pathos of silent suffering. The entire play would be greatly improved by substituting an actress of real power for Miss Fenwick. Her full-throated but monotonously saccharine diction somehow fails to make the part of the daughter either poignant or pathetic. The splendid work of Ullrich Haupt, as the corporal, and of several of the other male characters seems lost when the central figure is herself unimportant. This is a well-constructed but morbid play, turning on a mistaken code of ethics, and not particularly timely.

When Choosing Your Plays

Dancing Mothers—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse.

Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.

Is Zat So?—The triumph of two characters and a very human theme over a poor plot. A splendid comedy.

"Mrs. Partridge Presents"—In which the sub-flapper proves to be astonishingly conservative.

Old English—A portrait, superbly acted by George Arliss.

Pigs—Rural comedy scoured with Sapolio for cleanliness.

Silence—H. B. Warner in a typical reformed crook play.

The Blue Peter—Only moderately interesting.

The Fall Guy—A good human comedy of the slumming type.

The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.

The Mikado—Excellent revival. To be reviewed next week.

The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.

The Student Prince—One of the best of the musical plays.

The Wild Duck—Ibsen's self-revealing drama superbly directed and acted.

They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.

What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great play.

White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.

BOOKS

The Pilgrimage of Henry James, by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

A NEW volume of criticism by Mr. Van Wyck Brooks is not merely a volume in which a new subject is handled critically, but a new document added to that sustained and integrated indictment of American life which Mr. Brooks has, from the beginning, been engaged in drawing up, and which has made him the critical spokesman for a whole generation. This study of Henry James has an independent validity of its own, and needs no support from the rest of Mr. Brooks's work: but it will be read with special pleasure by those who are already familiar with his position.

In his first book, The Wine of the Puritans, Mr. Brooks showed how the Puritanism of the earliest Americans, with its emphasis on the virtues of thrift and industry, and its distrust of the creative impulses, had been carried over, after the frontier period, into the modern America of business and enterprise and made the official philosophy. In America's Coming-of-Age he showed how the result was that sharp and tragic dualism of American life, the cleavage between the "high-brow" and the "low-brow," between the theoretical and the practical, which had made so much of our literature rootlessly "transcendental," and so much of our conduct unenlightened and crass. In Letters and Leadership he showed—most eloquently of all—how urgent was the necessity at last for a reassertion of the values of the creative life and a rejection of the values of the mechanistic life. In The Ordeal of Mark Twain he showed how a writer of great native genius had failed to effectuate himself by accepting the valuation which his contemporaries put upon art, and writing for them, not on his own terms, but on theirs.

The relation between the artist or the man of letters and his society has always, by implication at least, been the focus of Mr. Brooks's criticism; that there must exist a vital connection between the two, that the one must vitalize and be vitalized by the other, has always been the chief article of his faith. In Henry James he has taken for study a writer whose failure to make the most of his distinguished endowment lay precisely in his failure to preserve to the end any vital connection with his own world. A dilettante, said Mr. Brooks once, is an artist without a country: and I suppose he would not hesitate to use that word now of Henry James. The story of James's lifelong and unsuccessful search for subjects worthy of a great novelist, is the poignant theme of this book.

It was a search which began, according to Mr. Brooks, in James's boyhood—that strange and somewhat ludicrous boyhood which hovered so indecisively on the edge of mid-century America, and of which the presiding genius was the ineffectual personality of the elder James. Nostalgia for that European life which was so vastly more compulsive to the imagination, was the earliest, as it was the strongest, of James's emotions—and what wonder, when his father, with all his intellectual ruggedness, fitted so poorly into their own background? "A high talent wasting itself upon the desert air: this was the most poignant spectacle which hung before his eyes during the whole of his adolescence." And was his own talent to waste itself, without a struggle, upon the same air, his own good intentions go up in smoke, as irrevocably, upon contact with his inherited environment?

There was never any real question, Mr. Brooks shows, of James's building his work firmly on the soil of American life regarded as its own centre; his sense of incorrigible alienage

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from it unfitted him from the beginning for such a task. During the early period of his career, however, he found the only valid occupation for his powers that he was ever to know, in the task of dramatizing the life of the émigré from America restlessly seeking, like himself—and that is the point—a richer life in Europe than they could lead at home. "He seized upon this drama, traversed and penetrated it in all its aspects; he distinguished the principal types that were involved in it; he found in it themes for tragedy, comedy, satire."

No one knew better than James himself that great fiction is written only by men who have inherited by a legitimate title the life they turn into literature—who have achieved what he called "saturation" in a cultural atmosphere—who have their eyes primarily on the subject and speak of what they have seen through no intervening haze. It was the original condition of his tragedy that he was disqualified from seeing his own countrymen thus disinterestedly: it was the final condition of that tragedy that he could never hope to see English life—when he came more and more to take it as his subject—except through a haze compounded of his own romanticism and his own slowly confirmed sense of an alienage from it as hopeless as from that other.

On these grounds Mr. Brooks accounts, with what seems to me complete persuasiveness, for James's turning gradually from an historian of manners into an "impassioned geometer," for his exclusive preoccupation in the later period with purely technical problems of construction and his relaxed hold upon the facts of human life. "Magnificent pretentions, petty performances!"—so Mr. Brooks speaks of the later novels and tales: "the fruits of an irresponsible imagination, of a deranged sense of values, of a mind working in the void, uncorrected by any clear consciousness of human cause and effect." The pilgrimage of Henry James was a pilgrimage to an empty tomb, and having found it empty he could but flit about it in bewilderment, chanting meaningless hymns to a spirit which had perhaps never lain there and which had, at any rate, long since departed.

Mr. Brooks has not yet written a more beautiful book, or one in which the resources of the critic and the biographer are more happily enhanced by powers comparable with those of a subtle psychological novelist. The nice adjustment which he achieves between personal and picturesque detail, and over-arching generalization; the skill with which he allows the man to recount his own story both directly and, with telling effect, indirectly (the chapter titles being all James's own) the acuteness with which he interprets psychological fact even when it is most imponderable—these things will be a surprise to no reader of Mr. Brooks's previous work, but they will reënforce an authority already preëminent, and add weight to an indictment already too heavy to be easily answered.

NEWTON ARVIN.

Amhráin Mhuighe Séola, Traditional Folk-Songs from Galway and Mayo. Collected and Edited by Mrs. Costello. New York: The Irish Book Shop. $2.50.

THOSE who have cherished Doctor Douglas Hyde's Love Songs of Connacht must often have looked out for gleanings from a field that had such good grain in it. There have been supplements to Doctor Hyde's work—Amhráin Chlainne Gaedheal, for instance, but no translation was given with the texts of the songs in that collection. Now comes Mrs. Costello's collection from Galway and Mayo, with Irish text, music, and English translation of the songs. None of the songs are as striking as some of the poignant lyrics that were in The Love Songs of Connacht.

This collection takes its name from the district in Galway and Mayo that runs east from the wide lakes Corrib and Mask. The town of Tuam is the centre of this district; dominating it is Knockma, on which is a huge cairn that is from the very dawn of Irish history. Knockma with its cairn has had a part in the preservation of these songs—there is no other mountain that is so famous in Irish traditional lore, for Finvarra and his fairy host have their abode there. Proximity to such a place has helped to keep alive music and songs that in other parts of Connacht have perished.

Seventy-six songs with music are given in Mrs. Costello's collection. The Irish words are with the music, and a translation, generally in prose, is given. In two or three cases there are translations that are in remarkable verse—verse in which the Irish assonance takes the place of the English rhyme. A real achievement in this verse-form is the translation of the famous Castle O'Neill—

"The garden is waste-land,
Love, that quickened my pulses with pride;
One apple-tree grows there,
On its branches the blossom is white.

But I cannot follow
My love to the hall where she shines
A bright star of knowledge,
Whose equal no sage has described.

And I ask for no dowry
Of cattle or sheep with my bride,
But my two hands around her,
And converse of love in the night.

But sorrow betide him
Who stole the desire of my soul:
'Tis my wish I could drive him
To exile on Sassenach shores."

One has to read it stressing the end words of the lines to bring out the vowel sounds that are faint in English. This is not a book of poetry but a book of song; the music is primary, and what goes with the music is secondary. Nevertheless, even in translation, the words of the songs are of great interest; they are all characteristic of Connacht, and occasionally one comes on a poem that has the poignancy that is in many of the songs in The Love Songs of Connacht. Such a poem is the Gaelic Willie Reilly, with its dramatic opening that has the very stir of the wedding that becomes a wake.

But it is their beautiful traditional music that makes of these songs of Galway and Mayo a book that one wants to possess.

PADRAIC COLUM.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

The book-cases of the Library were already filled to overflowing, and a carpenter was busy at work constructing new shelves in a corner.

"I wish," remarked the Editor to Dr. Angelicus, "that you would write an essay on the philosophy of the modern novel."

The carpenter laid down his hammer.

"Why an essay?" he inquired. "I can tell you in a few brief sentences. This is the sum total—

"'If I do not kill my wife, she may forget me,' mused the strong man of action as he ran his finger meditatively over the edge of his new hatchet. . . .

"'I cannot dance as much as I wish to, unless I murder my mother,' thought the charming young flapper, whose joie de vivre was a stimulant to a weary world, as she tried the shade of a new lip stick. . . .

"'That my children may go to Heaven quicker, I shall feed them arsenic,' pondered the spiritually-minded mother. . . ."

❦ ❦ ❦

"And yet," continued the carpenter, "here you have me busy constructing shelves for more new books. Can you think of no purpose worthier of the dignity of labor?"

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," replied the Editor. "I had never looked at it quite that way before. Er—"

"There is," went on the carpenter, suavely, "a gallant combat to be fought this afternoon at the Polo Grounds, and I had hoped to attend."

"The game is called at three. The quickest way, is the Elevated. You'd better hurry," replied the Editor.

"Sir—I thank you," said the carpenter, laying down his tools and doffing his work-coat. "When another Shakespeare and Stevenson arrive, and get published, I shall be most happy to construct new shelves, for your Library."

"I am afraid we offended our master-craftsman," said Angelicus, when the door closed. "And my swivel chair still needs repairing."

❦ ❦ ❦

"You seem to have a great sympathy for the working class," remarked Angelicus, to Miss Anonymoncule. "Which is the class that you despise most?"

Miss Anonymoncule looked around to see if Statisticus were present. Reassured, she whispered confidentially—

"Mathematicians and their cult. People who live by, and on, figures. People who never make a mistake in their check books. People who keep accounts—

"I should like to see," she went on, with a strange, savage light in her eyes, "all the people who balance budgets, compelled to enter the circus, and balance their budgets on the ends of their noses—toss them up in the air and snap at them when they come down—the way little dogs do pieces of candy. I should like to see their budgets tossed to them and have them scramble about for them in the dirty saw-dust. If the budgets could be toasted until they were red-hot—and *then* thrown—so much the better. In fact, I see these people covered with fur, and with paws—"

"Remember you are a Christian," admonished the Editor, seriously. "What undue happening has aroused these savage thoughts?"

"Oh, I've just overdrawn my account again," sighed Miss Anonymoncule. "And I can't see why—there were still lots of checks left in the last check book the bank gave me."

THE LIBRARIAN.

INDEX TO VOLUME I

November 12, 1924—May 6, 1925

Articles

"After Lenine, What?".....Augustine von Galen 507
All Nations.....C. C. Martindale 118
Anatomy and the Ambassador.....James J. Walsh 32
Aquinas on the Stage.....Thomas M. Schwertner 287
Architecture and Catholicism.....Lewis Mumford 623
Aunt Sarah's Samplers.....Hugh de Blacam 290
Austria Today.....Friedrich Funder 228
Aveduke and Ames.....George N. Shuster 406
Bancel La Farge, Mural Painter.....Anna McClure Sholl 404
Basilicas of Carthage.....Byron Khun de Prorok 96
Birgitta and the Brigittines.....Thomas Walsh 151
Birth Control vs. Birth Expansion.....James J. Walsh 652
Bishops and Brains.....Michael Williams 209
Bolshevik War on Religion.....Francis McCullagh 315
Bolshevism—A Universal Danger.....Catherine Radziwill 653
Breaking of the Drought, The.....Michael Williams 155
Bride, The.....Michael Williams 261
Burroughs—Convict and Convert.....Henry Longan Stuart 573
By the Mouths of Children.....Blanche Mary Kelly 427
Canadian Centennial, A.....M. Grattan O'Leary 684
Career of Walter Hampden, The.....Clayton Hamilton 207
Case of Justice Ford, The.....John Ford 204
Case of M. Loisy, The.....Thomas Woodlock 153
Cathedral Drive and Christian Unity, The—An Anglican View. Charles C. Marshall 541
Catholic Church and Birth Control, The.....Vincent McNabb 396
Catholic Church and Marriage, The.....James H. Ryan 543
Catholic Church on Opium, The .....Félix Klein 538
Catholic International Politics.....Henry C. Watts 595
Challenge to Mr. Chapman, A.....R. A. Cram 88
Chapman on Religion.....J. Scott Macnutt 121
Chapman, Mr., Replies to Mr. Cram..... 116
Christian Social Party, The.....Friedrich Funder 174
Christianity in Russia.....*Francis McCullagh* 129
Civilization and the Civilizers.....Henry Longan Stuart 65
Collected Yeats, The.....Thomas Walsh 39
Concord Day—April 19, 1925.....Henry Longan Stuart 705
Conqueror, The .....Padraic Colum 519
Crusader of Charity, A.....Henry Longan Stuart 293
Culture Is on the Town.....Mary A. Jordan 604
Deluge of Divorce, The.....Frank H. Spearman 480
Divorce and Hysteria.....James J. Walsh 570
Dr. Dawson's Mystery.....Michael Williams 36
Echoes .....Cyril B. Egan 322
European View of the League, A.....Hilaire Belloc 311
False Face, The.....Michael Williams 98
Father Hull's Retirement.....Henry Jones Ford 320
Fighting Birth Control in England....Halliday G. Southerland 568
First Circumnavigator, The.....Esme J. Howard 371
Five Centuries of Printing.....Francis J. Whalen 485
Forbidden Disciple, The.....Helen Walker 601
Founder of California, The.....Theodore Maynard 12
France and the Church.....Denis Gwynn 423
Frankenstein's Monster.....Condé B. Pallen 283
French Church Policy, The.....Ernest Dimnet 593
French Kulturkampf of 1925, The.....James H. Ryan 349
Glimpse of Irish Coöperation, A.....Padraic Colum 285
Gloomy Dean's Nightmare, The.....G. K. Chesterton 400
Goose Island .....James L. Dwyer 34
Great Opportunity, A.....Bertram C. A. Windle 627
Halcyon Days of Sixty Plus.....Elisabeth Marbury 265
Harvard Overseers, The.....Robert Grant 633
Haste to the Weddin'.....Seumas MacManus 344
Herriot and the Church.....Ernest Dimnet 90
Herriot's Church Policy.....Denis Gwynn 423
Holy Year Road in Rome.....R. M. Russell 459
I Don't Understand.....R. D. Turnbull 572
"I Should Go to Yale!".....Walter Prichard Eaton 146
Illuminations and Miniatures.....Cecilia Young 655
Imperfect Dinner Party, The.....Helen Walker 131
In Old New England.....Henrietta Dana Skinner 431

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Intentions and Doctrines....Maurice de Wulf 596
International Ethic, An....Joseph Keating 680, 712
Irish Boundary Question, The....C. P. Curran 92
Is the French Peasant Passing?....Henry Longan Stuart 374
Italian Freemasonry....L. J. S. Wood 461
Jesuit Education....James J. Walsh 342
John Greggins—A Day in His Life....Padraic Colum 657
Last Words of a Happy Man....Maurice Francis Egan 10
Leave from School....M. A. Rathkyle 487
Liberation....Elisabeth Marbury 183
Lifting the Veil of Tanit....Byron Kuhn de Prorok 40
Little Lenin of Mexico, The....William Walsh 709
London Policeman, The....James J. Daly 239
Louis Le Cardonnel....J. G. C. Le Clercq 378
Louis Veuillot, I....Henry Longan Stuart 15
Louis Veuillot, II....Henry Longan Stuart 44
Make Responsibility Real....Thomas F. Woodlock 201
Malnutrition of the Mind....Henry Longan Stuart 160
Manzoni and His Masterpiece....D. J. Connor 625
Marriage and Sex Equality....Olive Wadsley 433
Marriage, A State of Grace....Mrs. Belloc Lowndes 511
Memoirs of a Nobody....Helen Walker 19
Message of Mestrovik, The....Anna McClure Sholl 234
Ministry of Pain, The....James J. Walsh 517
Miss Nobody at the Inauguration....Helen Walker 515
Mussolini and His Future....L. J. S. Wood 74
Mussolini and the Law....L. J. S. Wood 42
Mystics in Action....Henry Longan Stuart 240
Name, The....Padraic Colum 464
Narcissus Up to Date....Charles Willis Thompson 236
Nerto, Premiere of....Fernand Le Borne 463
Nestorians, The....W. L. Scott 566
New Light on the Borgias, I....Lynn Thorndike 156
New Light on the Borgias, II....Lynn Thorndike 184
Obligations to America, I....Carlton J. H. Hayes 200
Obligations to America, II....Carlton J. H. Hayes 227
Obligations to America, III....Carlton J. H. Hayes 255
On Alliance with Rome....Hoffman Nickerson 6
On Cathedral Building....Michael Williams 347
On Seeing Candida....Mary Kolars 575
On the Sick List....Helen Walker 211
Once in a Bank....Gouverneur Paulding 434
Outlawing the Alien....William C. Murphy 482
Pageant of Architecture, A....Anna McClure Sholl 707
Palestrina and His Influence....W. J. Henderson 536
Paradox of Open Diplomacy....William Franklin Sands 264
Patriarch Tikhon....Catherine Radziwill 687
Pearls of La Paz, The....Michael Williams 123
Philologist Passes, A....J. G. C. Le Clercq 323
Phinoguen's Only Son....Mary Balascheff 688
Poland Stabilized....Charles Phillips 94
Police Power and the Stage....Elmer Kenyon 489
Pope and the League, The....L. J. S. Wood 257
Position of the Papacy, The....L. J. S. Wood 231
President Calles Speaks....Francis McCullagh 677
Principally Burgos, Spain....Dorothy Haight 631
Principle of Bolshevism, The....William Franklin Sands 408
Progress in Negro Education....Elizabeth Hartshorne 453
Promise of the Bell, The....Agnes Repplier 180
Psychologist's View of Marriage, The....Jules Bois 599
Puritan America....Theodore Maynard 102
Ratify the Twentieth Amendment!....Owen R. Lovejoy 456
Rebuilding of Austria, The....Friedrich Funder 147
Reënter the Historical Novel....Eleanor Rogers Cox 513
Reform of Reform, The....D. W. Fisher 291
Religion and Sex....G. K. Chesterton 8
Religion of Jones, The....Bertram C. A. Windle 268
Religious Tolerance....T. Lawrason Riggs 60
Restless India....Savel Zimand 369
Return of Herman Bahr, The....George N. Shuster 127
"Roman-Catholic"....Condé B. Pallen 621
Sacrament or Contract?....Katharine Tynan 397
Saint Francis of Assissi....Johannes Jorgensen 68
Saint Peter's of Barclay Street....Thomas Walsh 715
Saint Teresa....Thomas L. Masson 546
School of Sargent, The....Morton Zabel 682
Science Hopeful or Sinister....James J. Walsh 259
Science Sees the Light....Bertram C. A. Windle 17
Scientific Slavery....D. W. Fisher 483
Scott and the Oxford Movement....Bertram C. A. Windle 101
Second-Hand Sinner, A....William Rose Benét 159
Secular Side of Sainthood, The....Elmer Murphy 512
Seizure of La Soledad, The....Francis McCullagh 650
Sense of the Divine, The....Jules Bois 313
Sky, The....Mary Kolars 205
Source of Klan Sentiment, The....Henry J. Ford 78
South American Leper Colony, A....Edward J. Bruen 318
Spirit of Laurence Housman, The....Katherine Brégy 629
Subercaseaux and Umbria....Thomas J. Shahan 69
Superconscious, The....Jules Bois 62
Temptation....Shane Leslie 176
Theophany....Michael Williams 72
Tolerance and Progress....J. R. Knipfing 425
Torres—First Pan-Americanist....R. Dana Skinner 89
Twentieth Amendment, The....*Charles G. Fenwick* 398
Two Camps, The....Hilaire Belloc 565
Uplift Journals Please Copy!....Hendrik Willem van Loon 202
Vanishing Art, A....Martha Genung Stearns 376
What Is the Basis of Marriage?....Hilaire Belloc 452
When Do We People Rule?....Don C. Seitz 679
Where Is America?....Bernard G. Richards 548
Why Pan-Americanism?....R. Dana Skinner 340
Wishes and Desires....Charles Hanson Towne 429

Book Reviews

After the Verdict....Edwin Clark 331
Altar Steps, The....Louis H. Wetmore 108
Americans and Catholicism....Charles Willis Thompson 191
Amhraïn Mhuighe Séola....Padraic Colum 720
Arnold Waterlow....Hugh Allen 246
At Half-Past Eight....Thomas Walsh 386
August Benziger....George N. Shuster 637
Barrett Wendell and His Letters....Thomas Walsh 554
Charles Lamb....Thomas Walsh 358
Church and Science, The....Henry Jones Ford 579
Contributions of Science to Religion....Bertram C. A. Windle 496
Czech Literature....Thomas Walsh 638
Dark Hours, The....Thomas Walsh 358
Democracy and Leadership....Hoffman Nickerson 608
Dictionary of Secret and Other Societies....James M. Dwyer 415
Dornenwunder, Das....George N. Shuster 637
Essays on Poetry....Lloyd Morris 525
Experiences in Spiritualism....J. Liljencrants 580
Forty Years in Newspaperdom....Charles Willis Thompson 467
From Bersabee to Dan and Other Ballads....Katherine Brégy 301
Gardens of Omar....Thomas Walsh 414
Genius of Style, The....Arthur Colton 440
Glory of Don Ramiro, The....Thomas Walsh 330
Golden Treasury of Modern Lyrics....Thomas Walsh 498
Golden Village, The....Edwin Clark 302
Green Hat, The....Mary Kolars 385
Guy de Chauliac....James J. Walsh 190
Headwaters of Canadian Literature....Bliss Carman 384
Henry Thoreau....Lloyd Morris 329
History of Religion in the United States....Henry J. Ford 135
Impressions and Comments....James Luby 274
Impressions of Great Naturalists....B. C. A. Windle 386
Industrial Society in England....Henry Longan Stuart 663
Inheritance....Hugh Allen 135
Inquisition, The....Henry Jones Ford 498
Introduction to Philosophy, An....James Luby 328
Ireland....Constantine P. Curran 524
Joseph Conrad: A Personal Remembrance....L. D. Howland 666
Joseph Pulitzer, His Life and Letters..Charles Willis Thompson 467
Knospengrund und Glasbergkinder....George N. Shuster 637
La Roux....Edwin Clark 303
Leaves from a Russian Diary....Louis H. Wetmore 469
Leben Jesu in Palästina, Schlesien und Anderswo. George N. Shuster 637
Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson....Newton Arvin 552
Little French Girl, The....Edwin Clark 275
Lottery....Edwin Clark 303
McNair Lectures....Bertram C. A. Windle 412
Memoirs of An Editor....James Luby 581

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Memoirs of the Foreign Legion.....Thomas Walsh 442
Memories of Many Years.....Thomas Walsh 468
Message of New Thought, The.....Thomas F. Woodlock 553
More Obiter Dicta.....Arthur Colton 80
Negro from Africa, The.....John La Farge 300
Noon .....Edwin Clark 527
Old Ladies, The.....Edwin Clark 275
Organized Theatre, The.....Frederick Taber Cooper 413
Our Changing Morality.....James Luby 636
Passage to India, A .....Edwin Clark 331
Peasants, The.....Charles Phillips 272
Pilgrimage of Henry James, The.....Newton Arvin 719
Philosophy and Civilization in the Middle Ages....James Luby 357
Recollections of a Happy Life.....L. Frank Tooker 271
Roman Converts.....Thomas F. Woodlock 495
Rose of the World.....Edwin Clark 331
Sard Harker .....Lloyd Morris 107
Secret Societies and Subversive Movements
Carlton J. H. Hayes 693
Seth Low.....Thomas Walsh 693
Seventy Years of Life and Labor.....James Luby 692
Simplicissimus.....Thomas Walsh 526
Soundings .....William Berry 665
Stimmen am Wege.....George N. Shuster 637
Straws and Prayer-Books.....Theodore Maynard 355
Studies in the History of Medieval Science....B. C. A. Windle 357
Theory of Good and Evil.....H. Carr 664
Tomorrow and Tomorrow.....Edwin Clark 331
Translations in German from Francis Thompson.
George N. Shuster 637
Viennese Medley.....Frederick Taber Cooper 217
Walter de la Mare.....Theodore Maynard 523
World's Debt to the Catholic Church, The.....Thomas Walsh 137

The Play

Annie Dear 270
Ariadne 578
Badges 466
Best People, The 134
Bewitched 23
Beyond 411
Blue Peter, The 607
Caesar and Cleopatra..... 718
Candida 300, 690
Cape Smoke 550
Chauve Souris, The 384
Conscience 78
Dark Angel, The 439
Desire Under the Elms 163
Diff'rent 466
Dream Girl, The 107
Exiles 550
Fake, The 77
Fall Guy, The 635
Far Cry, The 47
Farmer's Wife, The 47
Grounds for Divorce 133
Guardsman, The 188
Harem, The 270
Haunted House, The 23
Is Zat So? 522
Ladies of the Evening 270
Lazybones 106
Legend of the Dance, The 635
Little Clay Cart, The 244
Little Minister, The 607
Loggerheads 440
Love for Love 663
Love Song, The 608
Madame Pompadour 244
Magnolia Lady, The 244
Michel Auclair 522
Minick 77
Miracle, The 22
Mongrel, The 215
"Mrs. Patridge Presents—" 383
New Brooms 270
Odeon in New York, The 106
Old English 327
Othello 299
Patience 327
Peter Pan 164
Pigs 411
Processional 354
Quarantine 244
S.S. Glencairn 133
Saint, The 47
Sapphire Ring, The..... 690
Second Mrs. Tanqueray, The 106
Servant in the House, The 662
She Had to Know 579
Silence 383
Sooner and Later 635
Starlight 578
Student Prince, The 440
Show-Off, The 48
Taps 718
They Knew What They Wanted 188
Triumph of the Egg, The 466
Two Married Men 327
Virgin of Bethulia, The 495
Werewolf 23
What Price Glory 22
White Collars 578
Wild Duck, The 494

Poems

Absalom .....Helene Mullins 577
After .....Margaret Widdemer 206
Alice Meynell .....Francis Carlin 105
An Old Argument.....Marguerite Wilkinson 150
Anchor, The .....Daniel Sargent 606
April .....Dorothy Bunker 626
April Skies .....William Walsh 632
Arab Tale, An..F. Domingo Pérez, translated by Thomas Walsh 403
Armenian Road Songs.....Thomas Walsh 49
At Dusk .....Mary Dixon Thayer 567
At Ellis Island.....George Lawrence Andrews 262
Ballad of Dead Griefs.....Kathryn White Ryan 233
Baroque .....Leslie Nelson Jennings 438
Bazaar.....James Daly 716
"Be It Done".....George N. Shuster 298
Birches At Night .....Morton Zabel 661
Boy Christ, The .....Helene Mullins 606
Butterfly Arras.....Kenneth Fearing 706
Caution .....Gertrude Callaghan 438
Chanson Triste..Maria Enriqueta, translated by Thomas Walsh 326
Closing the Book.....Miguel Rasch Isla, translated by
Thomas Walsh 458
Conspiracy .....Gertrude Callaghan 238
Convent Sketch .....Mary Dixon Thayer 430
Counsel .....Francis Carlin 49
Cry of Ibn-Levi, The .....Thomas Walsh 105
Daisy Hedge, The .....Mary Carolyn Davies 455
Dance of the Centaurs.....Francesca Julia, translated by
Thomas Walsh 263
Dancing Elf, The .....Constance Naar 298
Daniel Boone .....J. Corson Miller 435
David .....Harold Vinal 150
Decoration .....Muna Lee 178
Dedication for a Book of Verse.....Mary Dixon Thayer 233
Disguises .....Margaret Widdemer 126
Drum, The .....Michael Williams 521
Duel, The .....Theodore Maynard 284
During Dances .....Harold Vinal 373
Edge of the Pacific, The.....Theodore Maynard 490
Evening Moon, The.....Cornelio Hispano, translated by
Thomas Walsh 458
Evolution .....Theodore Maynard 661
For A Dull Day.....Edgar R. Smothers 438
Friar, A .....Julian del Casal, translated by
Thomas Walsh 403
Fuchsia Hedges in Connacht .....Padriac Colum 21
Garden, The .....Morton Zabel 490

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Goatherd, The...Luis Maria Mora, translated by Thomas Walsh 458
Gold Fish ....J. Corson Miller 577
Good Friday....Herbert Gerhard Bruncken 606
Good Priest of Gourin, The....Bliss Carman 179
Greek Rooms: The Museum ....Marie Luhrs 399
Hai-Kai.....José Juan Tablada, translated by Thomas Walsh 326
Here On the Cliff's Green Edge....Marion Cummings 206
If This Old Place....Mary Kolars 490
Image ....David Morton 352
Immortality ....Frederick Corcoran 206
Inebriate, The ....Thomas Walsh 206
Intellectual ....Alfred Kreymborg 233
Kyrie! ....Henry Longan Stuart 352
L'Amor Che Move ....Theodore Maynard 105
Landscape....Gustavo Sanchez Galarraga, translated by Thomas Walsh 263
Last Harper, The....J. Corson Miller 298
Last Roses.....Leopold Lugones, translated by Thomas Walsh 263
Let Pass the Wind.....Carlos Prendez Saldias, translated by Thomas Walsh 263
Life ....John Bunker 352
Loneliness ....Hugh F. Blunt 276
Love and Hate ....John Jerome Rooney 351
Man at Arachat, A....Michael Earls 49
Maple Trees in Autumn ....Leonora Speyer 49
Messengers ....Charles Hanson Towne 687
Michael the Archangel....Michael Williams 49
Michelangelo Looks Back....Anna McClure Sholl 352
Mistress of the Night ....Margaret Hill Skinner 67
Moon Cup ....Eleanor Rogers Cox 21
Moon Sale....Mary Carolyn Davies 711
My Verse....Arturo Clavijo Tisseur, translated by Thomas Walsh 403
Mystical Poets.....Amado Nerve, translated by Thomas Walsh 326
Naught But the Admonition.....Miguel Galliano Cancio, translated by Thomas Walsh 403
Night In the Village.....Julio Herrera-Reissig, translated by Thomas Walsh 49
Oaks, The.....José M. Eguren, translated by Thomas Walsh 263
Of Certain Poets ....Loretta Roche 402
Old Story ....Harold Vinal 105
Old Woman, The ....John Bunker 21
Oregon Trail, The ....William Rose Benét 21
Out of Darkness ....David Morton 490
Peewee ....Alfred Kreymborg 438
Poet, The ....Michael Williams 352
Poor of Christ, The ....Theodore Maynard 571
Prosaismos Tristes....Gustavo Sánchez Galarrage, translated by Thomas Walsh 403
Rain-Wind ....William Berry 714
Rain At Night ....Helen Walker 150
Remembrance ....Emile Kessler 606
Rescue ....Harindranath Chattopadhyaya 577
Rome ....Dorothy Haight 150
Roses ....Marie Louise McKenna 150
Samsara....Luis Rodriquez Embil, translated by Thomas Walsh 403
Sanctuary ....Mary Dixon Thayer 150
Sculptor, If You Have Marble ....Power Dalton 661
Secret, The....José Joaquin Casas, translated by Thomas Walsh 458
Self-Portrait ....Herbert S. Gorman 577
Sequoia, The ....Charles D. South 490
Serenata....José Asunción Silva, translated by Thomas Walsh 458
Shepherd of Thoughts, The....Dorothy Una Ratcliffe 438
Shuttle Song ....Marion Cummings 149
Sightless Hearts ....Harry Kemp 352
Silent Pilgrim, The....Thomas Walsh 577
Sing Thou My Soul....Theodosia Garrison 606
Snow-Vista ....J. Corson Miller 126
Song of the Nightingale, The.....Luis G. Urbina, translated by Thomas Walsh 326
Song's End ....Frank Ernest Hill 298
Sonnet ....Shaemas O'Sheel 577
Sonnet-Measures ....Harriet Sampson 490
Sonnets of Death....Gabriela Mistral, translated by Thomas Walsh 263
Things That Followed You....Leon Serabian 324
Thirst of the Antelope ....Gustav Davidson 545
Three Gifts ....A. De La Madre De Dios 540
Thunder at Night ....Kathryn White Ryan 126
Thunderers, The ....T. C. 73
Thus Are My Dreams.....Roberto Liévano, translated by Thomas Walsh 458
Tides ....Theodore Maynard 206
Time and Grief ....Theodosia Garrison 67
Time Is Not ....Louise Morgan Sill 382
To Alice Meynell, In Pace....Thomas Walsh 21
To Dante ....R. D. Skinner 132
To M. D. R. ....William Griffith 462
To Pierrot ....Gertrude Callaghan 67
To a Poet Hesitating ....Thomas Walsh 126
To a Poet Who Wrote of Lincoln ....Michael Williams 380
Too Many Silver Dawns ....Frank Ernest Hill 150
Treasure, The ....Eleanor Rogers Cox 606
Trees.....Jaime Torres Bodet, translated by Thomas Walsh 326
Trop Tard ....Frances Boal 126
Troubadours ....Daniel Sargent 126
Turquoise Bowl, The ....Kathryn White Ryan 21
Unmitigable Hours ....Gustav Davidson 689
Up Otley Hill ....R. M. Patterson 233
Visitation ....Leslie Nelson Jennings 233
What Bobbie Dreamed ....Dorothy Haight 438
What Highway?....George N. Shuster 105
Why Should I Weep? ....Virginia Moore 661
Wild Geese (1740) ....Henry Longan Stuart 206
Winds of Erin ....Kate Harrower Peters 594
Winning Side, The ....Leslie Nelson Jennings 661
Wisdom ....Loretta Roche 542
Yesterday A Dream Died ....Marion Cummings 298
Young Girl's Grief, A....Translated from the Erse by Cathal O'Byrne 628

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